Week ending December 29 1945 Every Thursday—Threepence

JOHN BULL

JOHN BULL TO DAY No 8 The Chef by Stanley Herbert

THE SWASTIKA OVER BRITAIN

See page 7

"I couldn't see him for the fog, Mister"

"You've got to watch for children every minute you're out," says Policeman 197. "It doesn't do to let up a second. The fog frightened this little chap. He thought the only way to cross the road was to make a dash at it, and crashed into a bicycle. It's plain he'd never learned his Kerb Drill!"

Over 1,000 children are killed on the roads every year. Remember that please—and whether you're driving, cycling or walking in foggy, wet or slippery weather—*take no chances*. Mothers and fathers, will you protect your children by teaching them to stop at the edge of the kerb and look both ways? They'll soon learn if you always do your Kerb Drill too. With the return of heavy traffic, plus the winter conditions now upon us, only the greatest care on *everybody's* part can

Keep Death off the Road

Issued by the Ministry of War Transport.

WHY VIROMITA DOES YOU GOOD

because it contains in suitable form:

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3 HERBAL EXTRACTS to stimulate the appetite and aid digestion

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M. CALTHORPE & Co., Ltd., Mfg. Chemists, OSSETT.

FOOD FACTS

WHAT'S LEFT IN THE LARDER?

RECIPES TO HELP OUT AFTER THE HOLIDAYS

It's a bit of a problem, this tiding over till the next lot especially if you've had extra people in for Christmas. I do wonders with a tin or so of sardines or beans. And turning that extra corned beef into a really substantia making a savoury meatless pie? Here are some tes that will help:

Corned Beef Hash on Cabbage

(Enough for 4.) *Ingredients:* ¼ oz. corned beef, 1 lb. vegetables, diced, 1 oz. fat, 1 oz. flour, ½ pint vege water, seasoning, 2 lb. cabbage. *Method:* Flake the and add to the vegetables. Make a sauce with the vegetable stock. Season well and mix with the beef a Keep hot on stove. Shred the cabbage and cook in boiling salted water, strain and spread on dish and p in the centre.

Brussels Sprouts with Cheese

(Enough for 4.) *Ingredients:* 1 l sprouts, salt, 1 oz. margarine, pint milk and vegetable water, s grated nutmeg, lemon substitu grated cheese. *Method:* Wash and clean the sprouts little boiling salted water until tender. Drain, keeping t water. Melt the fat, add the flour and cook for about Add the liquid, bring to the boil and cook for 5 minutes seasoning, a little grated nutmeg, a few drops of lemon and grated cheese. Mix thoroughly. Add the sprouts to and heat through. Serve hot.

Sardine Snack

(Enough for 4.) *Ingredients:* 2 level tablespoons soya, approx. 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 tin sardines in oil, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 level teaspoon salt, ½ level teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 4 small rounds of toast. *Method:* M to a smooth cream with cold water. Add the sardines parsley, seasoning and vinegar. Beat well with a fork and spre toast. Dot with a very little margarine and heat under the gri for a few minutes.

MORE FOOD FACTS BY RADIO AT 8.20 A.M. ON THURSDAYS

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 285

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Supplies are limited.

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No rest in the mouth!

There's one tall, dark and handsome stranger waiting for the girl who is guilty of Oral Offence. Don't risk it spoiling your future.

Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream stops Oral Offence that originates in the mouth.

Play Safe! use

COLGATE

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Twice a day

1/1 *Including Tax*

★ Happy New Year Soldier! ★

On this first peace-time New Year our good wishes go out to those who gave up so much to make it possible; the men of the Army.

But good wishes are not enough. Thousands of soldiers are experiencing great difficulties in readjusting their lives as a result of war service. Their need, and that of their families, calls for more solid help. Government schemes of relief cannot cover the widely differing circumstances of all these individual cases. Will you help to fill the gap? Will you show the warm appreciation that is in your heart, by giving a special New Year gift to the Army Benevolent Fund? That is the most sincere way of wishing 'Happy New Year' to the lads in khaki.

THE ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND

PATRON: H. M. THE KING

Donations payable to The Army Benevolent Fund may be sent to Field-Marshal The Earl of Cavan, 20, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1 or paid into any Bank in Great Britain or N. Ireland.

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

When should I take **Cephos**

- At once—if I feel the slightest suggestion of a cold.
- Whenever I feel feverish or suspect influenza starting.
- If I feel tired and exhausted and therefore more liable to catch cold or a chill, remember the remedy—

Before your cold is too old take **Cephos**

Sold everywhere in Tablet or Powder form, 1/3 and 3/-. Single dose 3d. incl. Pur. Tax.

CEPHOS DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

RIZLA *News Bulletin*

Cigarette Papers Still a bit scarce owing to post-war difficulties.

Cigarette Machines RECONDITION your old machine with a new band, price 1d. from most tobacconists.

Rizla Tips NO SHORTAGE AT PRESENT. A packet of 100 saves enough tobacco to make 24 Cigarettes. Get some TO-DAY.

(Retailers, ask your Wholesalers for supplies.)

FOUR STAR
Lavender Scented
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CLEANS IN A FLASH
Baths, Sinks, Paint, Lino
* LAVENDER SCENTED
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A GRE-SOLVENT PRODUCT
NO COUPONS IN TINS 9d.

"Punch" Chin?

Chins of all shapes are happiest with this shave! An Easy shave is easy. The lather comes up fast, works quickly, stays moist. It puts the razor on good terms with any chin. And that 150 shaves from every stick makes you feel good about Easy.

the answer's EASY SHAVING STICK

7½D PER STICK (includes purchase tax)

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

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write to JOHN BULL about it

Make a fresh start. Don't carry your problems into the New Year. If you are worried, write at once for the expert advice offered free by this service

POST-WAR CREDITS FOR LAND-GIRLS

"DURING MY FIVE YEARS in the Women's Land Army I paid income tax and have post-war credits to the value of £20. I shall be leaving to join my husband in America in the near future.

"Can you tell me how I am going to obtain the money? Will it be sent to me or shall I lose it? The taxation office cannot tell me."

✓ Repayment of Post-War Credits was discussed in the House of Commons recently. The main fact that emerged was that it will be at least a year before repayment begins. Just how and when the money will be paid has not yet been disclosed, although an official announcement may be expected soon.

You need not be afraid that you will lose your money. You will get it—but you will have to wait. And this answers dozens of other readers who have asked about the same subject.

"Blitz" Hotel

I RAN MY HOUSE as a private hotel before the war, but it was severely blitzed during the winter 1940-41. A couple of months ago a bulge appeared in a wall with the result that the Local Authorities condemned the house. They will not permit any repairs until the wall is rebuilt.

"I hold the house on a repairing lease and want to return to it as soon as possible. I have paid the rent throughout. Now that the house has been condemned, do the new conditions in the War Damage Act exempt me from continuing to pay rent until the house is made habitable again?"

✓ Payment of rent under lease may be suspended until the repairs are carried out. But it will be necessary to serve the Landlord with a Notice of Retention under the Landlord and Tenant (War Damage) Amendment Act.

For this it would be advisable to go to a solicitor, as a proper form of notice would be required.

Country Will Help

"MY DAUGHTER had the misfortune to lose her right hand in an accident while doing work of national importance. She is receiving compensation, of course, but she has been told that when she has received it for three years it can be stopped altogether.

"Please let me know if this is true. I can get no satisfactory answer from the solicitor.

"My daughter can't do anything except a bit of dusting, and I really don't know how we should keep her without the compensation. My husband's wages hardly keep the rest of us. Please help me if you can."

✓ There is no truth whatever in the idea that compensation ceases after three years. Your daughter can continue to claim compensation so long as her accident prevents her from earning wages equal to those

Continued on page 22.

WE WANT THE COOK

by HANNEN SWAFFER

A "CHEF" MEANS ANYTHING—from the lordly beings who, at the Ritz and the Berkeley, receive a Cabinet Minister's salary to the rank-and-file for whom, before the war, their trade union was trying to establish a minimum of £5 5s. a week.

They are a class apart, alchemists who perform their magic in underground kitchens, sometimes so successfully that a name like "Escoffier of the Carlton"—he invented Peche Melba and a sauce—goes all over the world.

Never ask them "what's cooking?"

If you want to know the difference between a "chef" and a "cook," no one seems to be able to say.

A good British cook may have to become a chef with a foreign name to achieve success. Cooking seems to be as snobbish as music.

While, during the war, a chef's wages have risen very considerably, the art of cooking has fallen terribly. Even in many of the expensive restaurants there has been little endeavour to vary the monotony of the food.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Customers have begun to complain that, in the shortage, the chef has kept the best bits for himself.

There is, in Britain, a great need for improving the standard of cooking, not only in the homes of the people but in hospitals, where the diet is monotonous, and in thousands of hotels all over the land.

As for the pay in the catering trade generally, do you remember the outcry that the hotelkeepers set up when Ernest Bevin introduced his Catering Wages Bill?

HERE'S TO THE FUTURE!

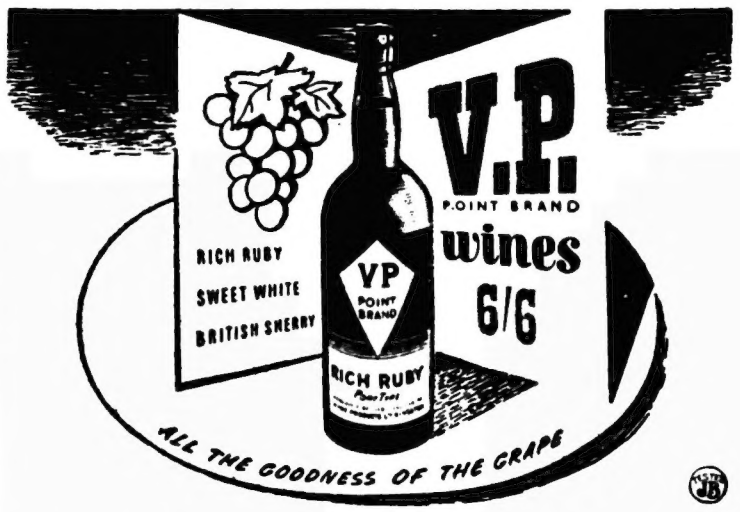
HAPPY DAYS — PEACE AND PROSPERITY AND MORE

GILBEY'S GIN AND GILBEY'S PORT

MURPHY comes back to CIVVY STREET

And now we'll tell you all about what we did in the War .... You'd *rather hear what we're going to do in the peace??* Perhaps you're right. Well Murphy Sets are already getting into the Murphy Dealers' shops — and out again. So don't be disappointed if you can't walk in and get a model right away. Don't expect "miracles" but in many ways they're better than pre-war models — and they weren't so bad, were they? Have a chat with your Murphy Dealer.

MURPHY RADIO LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE



Produced and bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey.

THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR SOLE

The World supply of hides is insufficient to satisfy all demands, which include those of liberated countries; war wastages everywhere have been on a serious scale.

Therefore Britain may not have adequate supplies of leather for some time.

When you walk on good British Leather you will not hesitate to agree that it is at least as good as ever.

The United Tanners Federation, 8 St. Thomas St., London, S.E.1

E.W.G.

"I Always Insist on Drene Shampoo" says PATRICIA ROC

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You, too, can be like the stars—treat your hair to an "All-Star" Drene Shampoo and see for yourself how it sparkles with fascinating highlights. Drene is quick to use and leaves all types of hair as easy to set as ABC . . lovelier, more glamorous than ever before.

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7½d. and 1/10½d. *THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS*

PICKERINGS Coarsecut BARLEY replaces ground rice

10d. per lb.

makes 20 puddings for family of 5

makes **delicious nourishing puddings**

From your Grocer

PICKERING & CO. (CEREALS) LTD., DENTON, Nr. MANCHESTER

Hurrah for Spa

JOHN FREEMAN & CO., LTD.,
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Play for safety, go for speed . . .

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the effortless cleanser

Coupon free—7d per canister

V 134-943-55 *Selling Agents:* HUDSON & KNIGHT LIMITED

Starting right

Jill is a bonny child with a fine future ahead of her. Given a sturdy body, lots of energy and steady nerves, she'll be a great success. She has her daily cup of FRY'S COCOA—the family *food drink* for all ages and stages.
5d qtr lb · 9½d half lb · 1/6 1-lb tin

FRY'S COCOA
The family food drink

FOR BODY BUILDING · FOR ENERGY · FOR RESTFUL SLEEP

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DEANNA DURBIN
sleuth in new film

DEANNA DURBIN'S new film, "Lady on a Train," a Universal picture, is full of mystery, thrills, and excitement. Your old favourite sings some enchanting songs, too, and she looks lovely as ever. Why? Because, like 9 out of 10 other film stars, she uses Lux Toilet Soap. That's why her complexion keeps so wonderfully smooth, soft, and clear.

LUX TOILET SOAP
USED BY 9 OUT OF 10 FILM STARS
4d. a tablet including Purchase Tax

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

LADY ON A TRAIN. *Like 9 out of 10 other film stars, Deanna Durbin uses Lux Toilet Soap for her complexion*

TL 1396-255

How to make a little meat go a long way

Don't puzzle your wits about making the meat ration go round. "Stretch" it with plenty of wholesome vegetables, made tempting and *meat-tasty with savoury Vite-Gravy*. Try this new plan for making the meat last out longer! It saves *you* worrying, saves queueing and will be popular with the children.

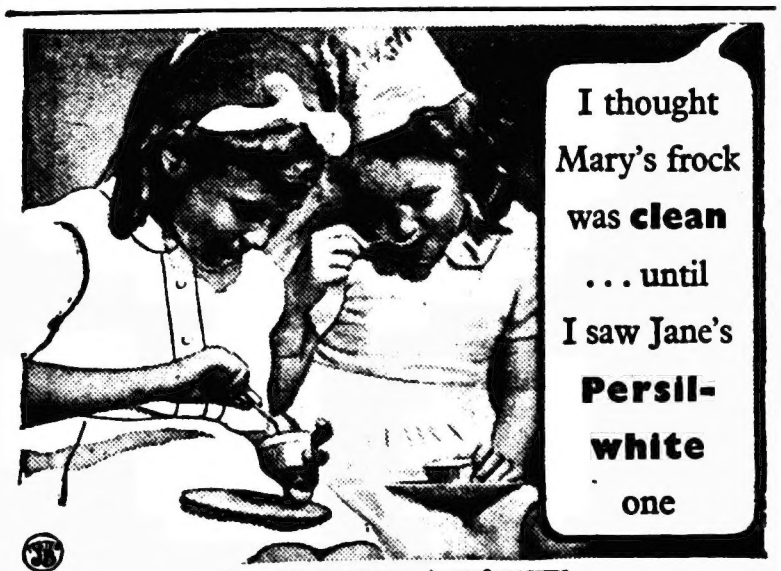
Dish up with SYMINGTON'S

VITE-GRAVY

and make the most of your meat.

Made by W. Symington & Co. Ltd., Market Harborough.

7½d. & 2½d. A PACKET



I thought Mary's frock was **clean** . . . until I saw Jane's **Persil-white** one

CLASS 1 SOAP POWDER 4D AND 8D PACKETS

PER 1047-943-55 *Selling Agents:* CROSFIELD, WATSON & GOSSAGE LTD., WARRINGTON

SAXA the standard household SALT.

JOHN BULL December 29 1945 Volume 78 Number 2063 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

NO PESSIMISM FOR 1946

Why an M.P. Resigned. S.I.B. Complaints. Painting the Factory Red. Bernard Shaw Writes to Attlee. N. Ireland Scandal. Uncle Sam Runs Short. Cheaper Post?

SO IT BEGINS. The first New Year of Peace follows the fantastic Old Year of war and transition.

Never has history moved so swiftly as in these monstrous middle-forties. Great nations that but a short time ago reached out greedily for world domination lie crushed and stricken. Men who ruled continents lie in miserable, unknown graves or wait a gallows end.

Swift is the road to power; swifter the way to hell. This is the lesson of this last mad era through which mankind has staggered. But it has emerged. And nowhere more than in Britain is there cause for hope and heart-lifting.

The fashionable croaking about Britain being finished—the gospel of despair that washes its hands of humanity and contemplates a certain atomic bomb end for all of us—this super pessimism is short-sighted.

Path to Progress

1946 will be, we believe, a year of emergence to sanity. There will be apparently insoluble problems to be faced at home and abroad. VJ Day did not end the story of death and suffering. But with it all, rising above the dust and smoke from the ruins of war, are well-founded hopes and clear, sane objectives.

The New Year sees the United Nations assembling. The object—briefly and simply, to build a better world. It will just be the same as last time, say the cynics. We disagree. The people—our own, and others—will have the last word.

More and more the people assert their right to be regarded as something else than pawns in the hands of too-often stupid politicians. They have proved in this country they can love and respect a man without having the least trust in his capacity for peacetime statesmanship. All this is to the good.

No Short Cuts

There are no short cuts on the road to sanity. Man has messed up his world too much to permit of spectacular recovery. But 1946 is the year when a good start will be made; a solid foundation laid for progress.

It rests with us—the ordinary people. And particularly the young ones. We believe the youngsters are, or will prove to be, wiser than their parents. Was it not to make them so that the old ones strove?

JOHN BULL has no fears for the future. It believes that fumbling and hesitating, with an occasional temporary turning-back, Britain and the world in 1946 will begin the hard but exhilarating task of building a world fit for all men and women to find happiness and contentment in.

Carried by Carols

ERNEST A. DAVIES, Enfield M.P. and a Labour financial expert, acted as choirmaster in the B.B.C. programme, "They Also Sing," which linked the House of Commons and the U.S. Congress by carols.

The ragging began when he chose his sixteen singers. At each Parliamentary division, as M.P.s waited in the Lobbies to register their names, they insisted on rehearsals, with all participating. It was the first time the Finance Bill passed through its final stages with musical accompaniment!

Whips Waits

Congressmen chose their own carols. Our Commons choir had its two efforts chosen for it. The Labour M.P.s lustily tackled "Hark, the herald angels sing" and "Silent night."

A Conservative maintained that the carols should have been adapted. He thought "Hark, the *Daily Herald* angels sing" and "Silent when the Whips say right!" would have been more appropriate.

He Resigned

MAKING A MINIATURE MOUNTAIN of a molehill, the national Press got the facts wrong about the resignation of young James Callaghan, M.P., from his post as Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Under-Secretary of State for the Dominions.

True, Callaghan voted against the Government on the American Loan issue. So did Barbara Castle, P.P.S. to Sir Stafford Cripps. But they knew beforehand that nobody was going to have his or her wrist slapped for going into the wrong lobby.

Callaghan, like many other young Labour M.P.s, is finding that being a P.P.S in the first stages of one's Parliamentary life is a handicap. It cramps the style, restricts one's scope in debate. So Callaghan resigned, with no hard feelings anywhere.

GETTING ON WITH THE JOB

HOME SECURITY FOR EVERY READER IN 1946

An announcement of vital importance to John Bull registered readers appears today in page 22.

The Soured S.I.B.

THE INITIALS S.I.B. mean little to the layman. Actually, they stand for the Army's Special Investigation Branch—a key service. It has the heavy responsibility of cleaning up crime in the British zone of occupation.

Army and civilian offenders alike are kept in check. Before VE-Day, in every large town where British troops were stationed on the Continent the S.I.B. worked wonders in cleaning up the Black Market.

To-day, there is widespread discontent throughout the Service. Not without reason. The S.I.B., recruited from peace time policemen, believes it is having a raw deal.

The Sergeant Suffers

S.I.B. rankers were recruited from volunteers. A special appeal was made to all units by the War Office in the early days for former policemen to join the Service. They responded, and became S.I.B. sergeants. Now they are sorry they volunteered.

There is an urgent need for additional police strength at home. Policemen not in the S.I.B. are being released under Class B. The Home Office launches a recruiting drive, and promises special training to the recruits.

But the S.I.B. volunteers are barred from B release. They see men with much less experience qualifying for promotion back home. Minister of War Jack Lawson and Home Secretary Chuter Ede should look into this matter.

Going Gay

THE BRIGHTER FACTORY movement is gathering speed. A new Government report quotes, among its examples, a large engineering works in the Midlands where all the machines have been painted a dull-cream colour, with the guards in red. Workers at first objected that the place looked like a dairy; now they say the change has been a tonic to them.

Gay paint in cotton mills has made the mills look more spacious, raised the whole status of the work, and

WE MUST CHANGE THE LAW

JUST TWELVE YEARS AGO Nazidom triumphed in Germany. A once great nation became a moral cesspool. From it seeped foul doctrines that poisoned the hearts and minds of men.

Britain suffered least. But we had our hot-gospellers of the hateful Hitler creed. And when the time of reckoning came and Britain had to fight, the potential enemies of our cause were put behind bars.

Not for them the traitors' triumphs of their quisling friends. We had the will and the power to resist.

Now the prison-gates are open; the potential Hitlers, the imitation Himmlers, the shabby would-be British Streichers, are out and about.

Doing what? Asserting, with damnable impudence, their right to go on preaching and proclaiming the selfsame devilish doctrines that littered the Continent with the white crosses of our dead and brought chaos and misery to hundreds of millions of innocent victims.

It was right and proper that with the end of the war Parliament should speedily sweep away restrictions on personal liberty essential in the days of war.

Is it right and proper that restored freedom should be used to preach the very pernicious policies against which we fought?

THAT IS THE QUESTION to which we must find an answer. The Mosley gang; the Hitler worshippers: plentifully supplied with money, even more plentifully supplied with impudence—is it right that they should use the freedom for which we fought to combat freedom and democracy itself?

It is for us, the ordinary people, hating and loathing the creed which Mosley announces his intention to go on preaching, to decide what should be done.

We see no way out in disorder. We do not believe that anyone but the Fascists in our midst will be served by outbreaks of violence; by attempts to use mob-law to crush the Mosley propagandists.

Indeed, Mosley and his crew will welcome it, as Hitler did in the years when he was busy destroying such democracy as Germany had managed to achieve.

As the law stands, there is nothing illegal in either being a Hitlerite or preaching Hitlerism in this country. The power of the police to intervene comes only at that point when a breach of the peace arises or is likely to arise.

IF THE PREACHING of this alien creed is to be prohibited it will need new laws. But such laws, in dealing with Mosley, would have within them dangers for much-prized liberties held by honourable citizens.

Minority opinion is entitled to protection. Any man or woman is entitled to unpopular beliefs and to the right to express them. But there comes a point when minority opinion becomes more than mischievous.

Within a dictatorship those who preach democracy have no rights. Within a democracy, are those who preach dictatorship entitled to justify their preaching in the name of the freedom of speech which they slander?

JOHN BULL believes the answer is "No." If the law as it stands cannot stop the rebirth of Fascism in our midst, then the law should be altered, whatever the risks, however great the dangers.

We will defend our liberties to the death, but we cannot allow odious creeds to flourish under the protection of the very liberties they seek to destroy.

The Editor

prompted this delicious comment by a woman worker: "We can't come in curling-pins now."

G.B.S. and All

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, Professor Laski, the President of the British Legion, and a small army of other notabilities have signed a memorial which Mr. Attlee is now considering.

It points out that volunteers from Eire who served in the British Forces or as civilian war workers face serious hardship. On demobilisation here they are all entitled to full benefit under British unemployment insurance schemes. If they return to their native land they forfeit the right of that benefit to which they have contributed.

A difficult problem. But not an insoluble one. Those 300,000 volunteers, by arrangement with the Eire authorities, should be guaranteed benefit at British rates for a limited period should they be unemployed after repatriation.

Down in Derry

NORTHERN IRELAND lags miserably behind Britain's housing programme. Without strong stimulus from the Government it seems unlikely that the various towns will produce adequate plans.

Londonderry is a case in point. There, an eighteen-roomed house accommodates ninety-four people. But most of its houses have only four rooms—and no bathroom. In one street of sixty-nine such dwellings the population is 1,060 people!

In the outskirts is a colony of two-roomed tin huts. Mixed families or ten or twelve persons inhabit them. There are no sanitary facilities.

Following Bevan

HOW ARE OTHER Governments faring with the housing problem? Well, Mr. Blandford, America's housing administrator, is following Aneurin Bevan's example.

He announces that at least 3,400,000 families must plan to share their homes by the end of 1946.

But in one respect he is unluckier than Bevan. His housing plans exist only on paper. The legislation that would give effect to them is held up. So, though the U.S.A. requires 1,250,000 to be built in the next ten years, it's unlikely that more than 400,000 will arise in the coming year, and then only if the grave shortage of materials is rectified.

Empty Shelves

Yes, the U.S.A. has its shortages, too. Its profusion of fur coats and diamonds are poor compensation for the lack of timber and drain pipes.

Oil is scarce. So is coffee. And butter. Sugar, and prime meat. Many Americans now think that rationing was stopped too soon.

No doubt there is a moral in this. But we won't be unkind and rub it in.

Postal Planners

FROM HIS HOME in Collingswood Drive, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Edwin Wells, postal reformer, plans a nation-wide campaign to popularise his plans for better, brighter Post Office facilities.

He is an honorary secretary of the Postal Reform League, founded eleven years ago. The League has enlisted influential sympathisers, ranging from Colin Clark, distinguished statistician, to J. B. Priestley.

One of the objectives of the League is lower postal rates for letters posted before 1 p.m. It declares that such a concession would add to G.P.O. revenues, and relieve the heavy evening pressure on Post Office staffs. There is certainly something in this argument.

Telephone Timetable

Wells maintains logically that already different charges are made for trunk calls made at different times. These differing rates have benefited everybody — including G.P.O. receipts from telephone calls.

At one time, Mr. Attlee was a warm supporter of this objective of cheap midday posting. There is no evidence that he has changed his mind.

Ex-trade union organiser, Wilfred Burke, M.P. for Burnley and now Assistant Postmaster-General, is sympathetically inclined to the proposal. Mr. Wells may get what he wants.

Home From Home

MINISTER OF HEALTH Nye Bevan is not unduly disturbed that so far his "Share your Home" appeal has not caught on. The odds against it were heavy. But he thought the appeal was still worth making.

Nice variation in a northern town: An elderly woman going to relatives for Christmas Higher up the street, a returned soldier and his wife, members of a large family in small house. Over Christmas, elderly lady placed her house at disposal of soldier and wife.

She left behind Christmas dainties and economised on coal so the young couple would benefit. A delightful idea—and a dear old lady with a real sense of making Christmas happy for others.

Pushing Porters

THE TRAIN MOVES into the station. While it is still moving porters—perhaps loaded with luggage—jump on and cling fast to the door handles to secure seats for passengers. A suicidal practice!

At last the railway companies have seen the danger. Instructions have been issued that this silly scramble has got to stop.

Not even the largest tip would compensate a crippled man. Most of the porters welcome the instruction. So should passengers.

Brighter Bars

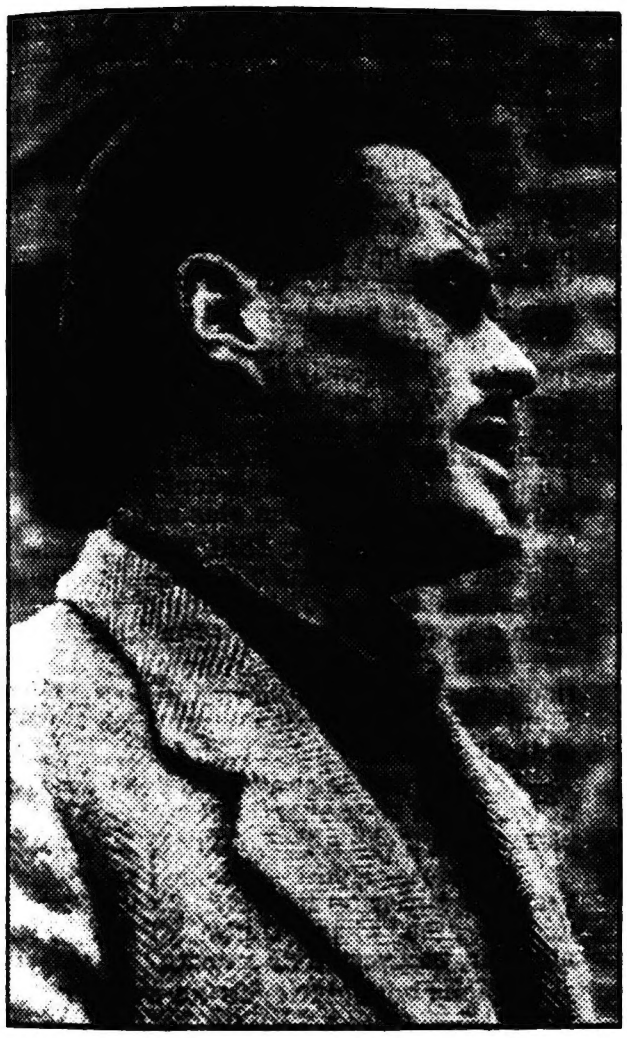
THE DRINK TRADE is in a reconstruction mood. Sign of the times is the growing willingness of publicans to consider big extension of non-alcoholic service in "the local."

The brewery trade's *Monthly Bulletin* even extols the virtues of the ice-cream soda, which it somewhat pompously describes as "a mixture of fizzy liquid and melting lumps of sweetness."

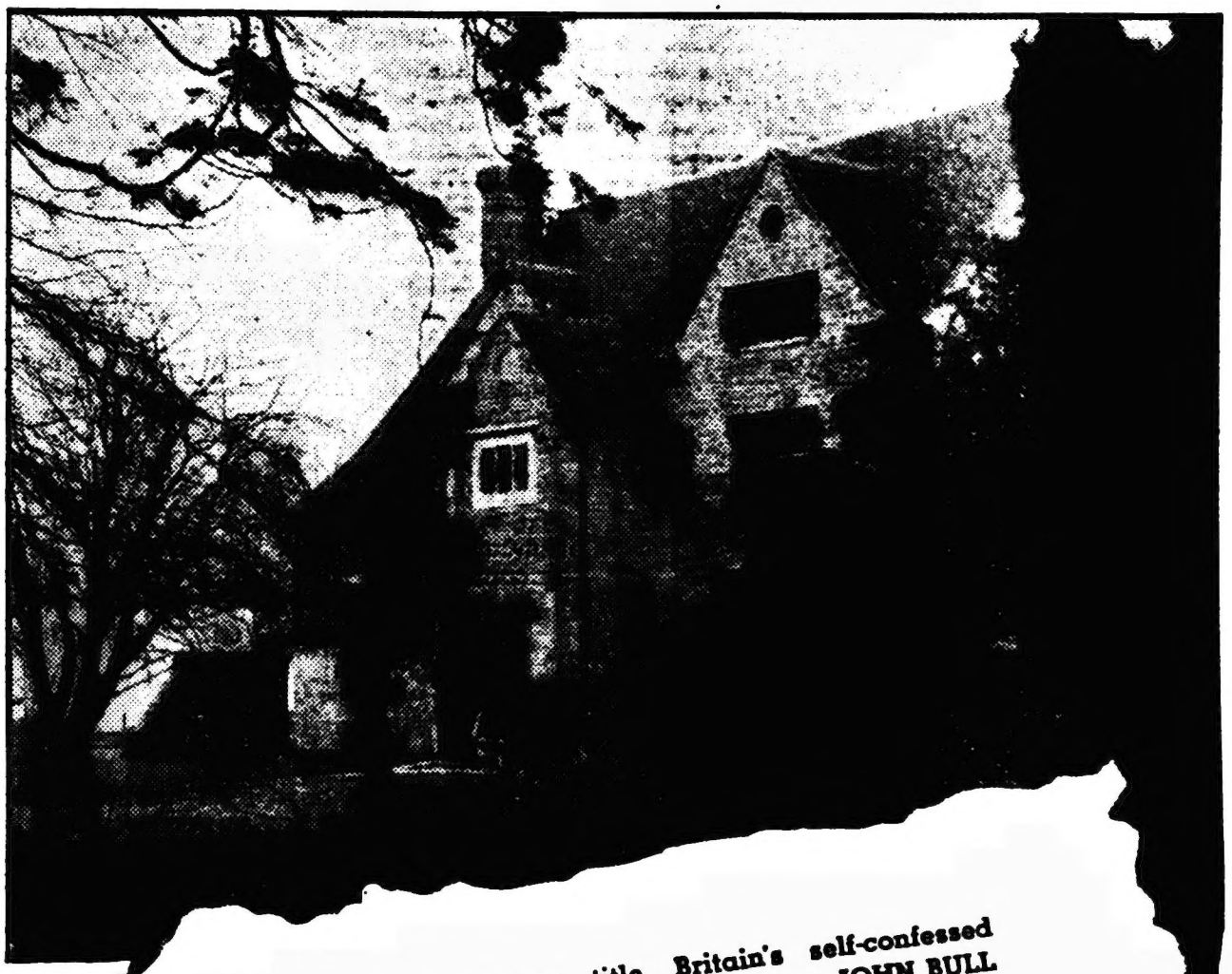
But the *Bulletin* rightly points out that the policy of trying to keep girls and women out of public-houses is an impossible one. The alternative is to provide refreshments and attractive drinks along American drug-store lines.

This is all to the good, though Prohibition cranks will doubtless denounce sandwiches and soft drinks in pubs as being additional temptations set by wicked publicans to lure patrons on to destruction.

THE SWASTIKA OVER BRITAIN



Arthur Schneider, ex-18B detainee, is "Keeper and Guardian" of Kingdom House, Petworth, Sussex (right). He admitted Hitler's bust was bought as a publicity stunt to attract supporters to the pro-Nazi movement



Under a quasi-religious title, Britain's self-confessed Fascists seek to re-establish a deified Hitler. JOHN BULL believes it is doing a public service by publishing this amazing story of Nazism, unvarnished and undenied, which is already spreading in our own country

by WILLIAM J. GAGE
JOHN BULL'S SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR

THERE IS A COMMUNAL GRAVE in the cemetery at Petworth, a small town in Sussex, on which a wreath of poppies is laid every year. It is a lasting memorial of Hitler's frightfulness.

A hundred yards away are the grass-covered ruins of Petworth Boys' School, which, while morning Scripture lessons were being taught, received a direct hit from a bomb three years ago.

The head master and an assistant teacher were killed. So were twenty-nine boys aged between five and fourteen. In all there were seventy-three casualties.

To-day there stands, about a mile from Petworth, a memorial of a different kind. It is a fine old grey stone mansion in a picturesque country lane. It is surrounded by sixteen acres of fertile land which might well be requisitioned by the local War Agricultural Committee. It is rapidly becoming a memorial to Hitler and his beliefs.

The mansion was called River House until two months ago, when its present occupiers moved in.

Then its name was changed to one which has already gained some notoriety. It is now called Kingdom House. This name is said to be short for "The Kingdom of God."

A greater hypocrisy than to link this house and its occupants with the Christian religion has rarely been known.

As a result of prolonged investigation, I am able to publish for the first time much inside information about this sect, which, under the guise of a religious movement, is attempting to revive Fascism in Britain.

Kingdom House, its occupiers and sponsors, are a Satanic "religious" sham. The house is the headquarters of a disguised political movement called "The Legion of Christian Reformers."

The people actually behind the scenes—and the men and women who are joining it—mostly hold extreme political and Fascist views. Many served periods of detention under the 18B Defence Regulation.

Here is the story of how this organisation grew up.

Two years ago, in a prison camp in the Isle of Man, several 18B detainees drew up what they called "a message to their fellow-countrymen." In it they planned the formation of the Legion "in rededication to Almighty God and to the establishment of His Kingdom on earth."

One of the men was W. Geoffrey Barlow, a wealthy man who now lives at The Round, Kingsley Green, near Haslemere, Surrey. Barlow is a political fanatic, and while he was interned he arranged for his wife to buy River

Unity Mitford, ex-friend of Hitler. While in Germany she did much harm

Captain Robert Gordon Canning paid £500 for the bust of Hitler, as "a present" for the "League"

Edward Godfrey started a Fascist group called the British National Party

House as a suitable place in which the two of them could settle down on his release.

Despite the war, Barlow remained an unceasing admirer of Adolf Hitler. He believes that the Fuehrer was a specially appointed missioner on earth, and that he is still alive.

Without his wife's knowledge, he handed the entire River House property over to a man named Captain T. E. St. Barbe Baker, who was detained with him in the Isle of Man. This, quite naturally, has so incensed Mrs. Barlow that there is constant friction between them. She refuses to have anything to do with the Legion of Christian Reformers, and, in company of friends, makes no secret of her attitude to her husband's actions.

Captain Baker, who has been associated with several quaint schemes, is a former Blackshirt and a friend of Sir Oswald Mosley, one-time leader of the British Union of Fascists.

Baker is secretary-general of the Legion of Christian Reformers. He travels about a great deal arranging for the setting up of branches of the Legion in different parts of the country. He lives with his wife and son at the newly christened Kingdom House.

At the present time he is negotiating for the hire of concert halls in which to hold meetings. The first of these will be held in Manchester.

Bust of Hitler

No doubt you have read recently about the granite bust of Hitler that was bought when the contents of the German Embassy in London were sold. Here is the true story about the bust.

It was bought by a Captain Robert Gordon Canning for £500, for, you were told, the Legion of Christian Reformers.

Canning, an ex-18B detainee, Fascist, former member of that notorious society known as "The Link," conceived the idea of the bust being bought for Kingdom House.

It was nothing but a giant publicity stunt.

The bust was bought very largely with the idea of its story getting into the newspapers and so, by one quick stunt, making the name of the Legion and its address at Kingdom House known to all possible adherents and to Hitler admirers in the country.

Arthur Schneider, another ex-18B detainee who is "Keeper and Guardian" at Kingdom House, admitted this to me during an interview which I was able to obtain with him.

He is pleased with the result of the stunt. To have obtained only a part of such publicity by the usual means of advertisements or circulars would have cost thousands.

And the fact that a heavy mail is being received from the very people whom the Legion hoped to attract proves how successful the "Bust Publicity Campaign" was.

Not only are letters from sympathisers arriving at Kingdom House, but they are also being received by James Larrett Battersby, who also figured in the publicity, at his house, Meadowside, in Woodford, Cheshire. Only a few letters have denounced the organisation.

Arthur Schneider, as I expected, evaded most of my questions. He refused to tell m where I could find Captain Baker, and mad many unconvincing excuses.

"If he is secretary-general," I said, "yo must be in touch with him by letter o 'phone."

"All I can say," he replied, "is that he up North. I spoke to him last night by tele phone."

"Give me the number," I asked.

"I very foolishly forgot to take it, or t ask the name of his hotel," he answered.

He did, however, admit to me that h knew Sir Oswald Mosley well, and had see him fairly recently.

This is significant, not only because I pre dicted a Hitlerism-Fascist revival in a serie of articles which I wrote in JOHN BULL durin last August, but also because, as I said then Sir Oswald Mosley is shortly coming ou into the open again.

Interesting, also, that a so-called "Christ mas Party," recently held at the Royal Hotel London, W.C., at which Mosley spoke, wa booked through the agency of a man whos testimonials were checked but who was care ful not to let the management know for wha purpose the reservation was made!

Significant, too, is that there is shortly t be held an important "Ex-18B function" a a West End hotel. This is now being arrange from a bookshop in Gray's Inn Road, Londo

This is the headquarters of an organisa tion known as the 18B Detainees (British) Aid Fund. Mosley has been a generous supporte of it since he came out of prison.

Several people connected with the Legio of Christian Reformers will be present. It i planned to make a presentation to Mosley.

Kingdom House—which has a photo graph of Hitler on its walls—lies in the hear of the area where Unity Mitford, Hitler admirer, was very well known.

Among her old friends is a wealthy woman named Scrivenger, who for years was a clos friend of William Joyce (Lord "Haw-Haw") She has visited him in prison and helped him financially in the past.

Miss Mitford did a great deal of harm b her influence on many people.

Only just recently, Mrs. France Eckersley was sentenced at the Old Bailey t twelve months for helping the enemy. It wa Unity Mitford who introduced her to Hitler.

Astounding Beliefs

The beliefs which members of the Legio of Christian Reformers must hold are astounding. They must affirm the belief tha Hitler was an instrument of God, and that he was used by the Almighty to end the reign of Mammon. And that Hitler was God's chosen messenger to bring about the destruction that had been religiously foretold fo thousands of years.

They must further believe that the reign of Mammon has been destroyed by Hitler and that the British Empire, as part of that reign is crumbling. But the British Empire can yet be saved through the Legion of Christian Reformers, and the British people given an appointment by the Almighty to regenerate the world.

I discovered that rooms are now being prepared for the arrival at Kingdom House in the early part of January of at least sixteen adherents of this "cult."

Negotiations are also being carried on to acquire other country mansions or properties that are large enough to house thirty or forty

people. A big estate near Horsham, in Sussex, is under consideration.

A big circularising campaign is being planned from London. Headquarters will shortly be opened in Kensington by a man named Fraser, who will supervise the work.

All that is needed now, say those interested, is a strong leader. One is already being chosen. As plans are at present, his name will be announced after the ex-18B function to which I have already referred.

It is as well to mention here another man who sponsors Fascist-minded organisations. He is the millionaire Duke of Bedford, formerly Marquess of Tavistock. He is a close friend of Mosley, and constantly pleaded Mosley's case in the House of Lords.

Peace at Any Cost

He was a member of "The Link," and in a most unabashed fashion pressed for peace terms with Hitler at any cost against the Allies' policy. He has as friends a large number of extreme Fascists, including many ex-18B detainees.

Among them are John Beckett, a former Member of Parliament and an ex-18B detainee. Another is Edward Godfrey, who some time ago started a society called the British National Party.

Beckett was well known as a Fascist, and some of his earlier meetings were the scene of much rowdyism. Only recently, at the inaugural meeting of another new Fascist "political" group named the British People's Party—which has arisen from the remains of Godfrey's British National Party—there was considerable disorder and constant catcalling.

Godfrey was in the chair at this meeting, and the Duke of Bedford and Beckett were speakers. Incidentally, the Duke often pleaded Beckett's case in the House of Lords.

Beckett is the general secretary of the British People's Party. He is also the editor of the Party's paper. He should know the job—he was formerly editor of Mosley's paper "Action," the organ of the British Union of Fascists.

Together with William Joyce, Beckett founded, just before the war, a group called the National Socialist League. This organisation was merely a cover for pro-Hitler propaganda.

When it is remembered that Joyce was at one time Chief Director of Propaganda for the British Union of Fascists, it will be realised that many of these apparently separate groups are really all part of one big movement that is attempting to bring about a dramatic revival of Fascism in Britain.

Among such organisations there is the Federal Socialist Party. This has been formed by ex-18B detainees, and has its headquarters in Kensington, London.

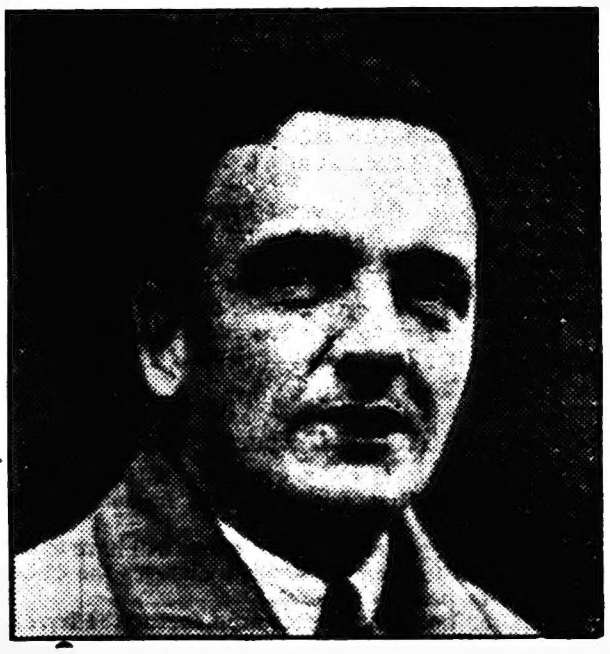
Its founder is John Wood. He knows both Arthur Schneider and Captain Canning, and has visited Kingdom House.

The Special Branch at Scotland Yard is watching the activities of these people. Government Departments and Ministers of the Crown pooh-poohed the British Union of Fascists as a harmless organisation when it started. It grew into a dangerous menace.

These new organisations must not be allowed to do the same. They must be kept under constant observation and their activities and subversive propaganda checked.

Sir Oswald Mosley has come into the open again. Here he is before the war in Fascist uniform

William Joyce ("Lord Haw-Haw") was at one time Chief Director of Propaganda for the British Union of Fascists



John Beckett, former M.P., erstwhile friend and colleague of Joyce, is secretary of the new British People's Party

The Fascist-minded Duke of Bedford, formerly Marquess of Tavistock. A close friend of Mosley

James Larrett Battersby figured in the publicity connected with Kingdom House

OPEN LETTERS

Mikail Ivanovitch Kalinin,
President of the U.S.S.R.

DEAR PRESIDENT,—It should be a brighter New Year because of your appeal to Russian youth to study life in foreign countries. It should be more encouraging still if you can persuade your Press to give a fair picture of Britain.

I am appalled by your countrymen's ignorance of us. I find it inexcusable that even your young officers believe that any Briton caught reading a book by Marx or Lenin would be arrested on the spot. I do not consider it just that the Russian public is unaware of the quite disproportionate war sacrifices made by these small islands.

There was a time when many of us here were quite as uninformed concerning Russian life. That made it easy for Diehard newspapers and politicians to create suspicion between the two countries—a baneful legacy that still influences international affairs.

But since then we have learned sense. Our newspapers print long accounts of Russian life by British visitors. We all know and admire the great Russian contribution to victory. The views of the Russian Press are faithfully translated for our information. We can read facts and figures of your country's terrific effort to repair her war scars.

But knowledge must not be one-sided. We must understand each other if Anglo-Russian friendship, formed by the pressure of war, is to be perpetuated and deepened by peace. That is why your speech is so timely in its wisdom, and why every intelligent Briton will hope that its effect will become happily apparent in the coming year.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Nathan,
Parliamentary Under-Secretary, War Office

MY LORD,—British troops are indignant at the prices charged in a gift shop attached to a club for "other ranks" in the Rhineland.

Most would like to send home a pair of stockings to their womenfolk. But the price is 25s. a pair. A box of 50 cigars, available to Germans at 3d. each, costs 37s. 6d. Thermos flasks, produced by the Germans during the war and sold at 1s. each, cost Tommy 6s.

Would you like to have the address of that club? I will supply it with pleasure.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. George Woodcock,
T.U.C. Research Officer

DEAR SIR,—It is clear what the T.U.C. wants in 1946. It will demand that working hours be scaled down to 44 hours.

Eventually, you say, miners' hours will have to be reduced to 36, or even less, and in other industries the 40-hour week will have to become general.

I, as you know, have gone even further. I have proposed that hours shall come down to 35 in all industries.

President Kalinin wants the Russians to know us

But——. It's a big "but." Somehow we must contrive to raise output before any heavy time-cutting will be possible. That involves two factors: first, machinery and working conditions must be modernised so that the worker has a chance to do his best; second, the worker must realise that it is in his own interests to produce as much as he can.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Wilfrid Paling, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—It is an act of grace on your part to make a weekly allowance to the wife and two children of an ex-flight-sergeant who is missing from a mental hospital. Shock from bomb blast in Singapore was the trouble that caused him to be sent for observation and possible treatment, but because he has wandered away his family are technically not entitled to a penny from the State.

You are mercifully waiving the rule. That is what I should expect from you. But I hope, when you get time, you will amend that hard Boer War regulation.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.,
Leader of the Opposition

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—You should, I think, be interested in this extract from the latest issue of *American Commentary* which, as you know, is a non-Party American journal:

"Mr. Churchill's rosy picture of the general situation in America compared with that in England is not shared by those who interpreted and criticised U.S. conditions and policies during the last week.

"At home, the failure of the Labour-Management Conference to produce any results; the deadlock in the strike in General Motors and the anticipation of strikes in the steel and electrical industries, and the prophecy of Mr. Wallace that next year there will be seven million unemployed, all combined to produce general pessimism."

Before praising other countries at the expense of one's own, it is quite a good plan to make sure of one's facts. Don't you agree?—JOHN BULL.

Dr. Ernest Boris Chain,
Nobel Prizewinner

DEAR DOCTOR,—Penicillin cures many maladies like magic. Penicillin, we were told months ago, would soon be on sale in chemists' shops. But still it is so scarce that even hospitals cannot get enough of it for serious cases.

Why? You, who helped Fleming and Florey to give its secret to the world, are determined to find out whether Big Business is to blame.

The trouble, I am sure, was in deciding to erect an enormous factory for pencillin production (and it is not yet ready), rather than in swift conversion of smaller but suitable premises. That, perhaps, was where Big Business came in.

Even now this Government should order the use of those small premises. We can do with all the penicillin we can produce.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

BED ROCK

IF YOU GET DOWN to bed rock, or brass tacks, or rock bottom, or whatever you choose to call it, you will find that the biggest cause of the world's troubles is just selfishness.

Don't run away with the idea that this selfishness is only to be found in someone else: that it is peculiar to politicians or foreigners or people who are hard and cynical and queer.

We all want something we haven't got—which nearly always ends in wanting something someone else has got. We all want to be somewhere other than where we are—ignoring the very sound remark that "they change their skies but not their minds who rush across the seas." We all look longingly at the other fellow and his job and murmur to ourselves, "If only . . .!"

It's all selfishness. It's all self-centredness. Which leads quickly to the belief that our own tastes are the only possible points of view, and that everyone who does not agree with us is a fool.

It isn't such a big step from that to the desire to impose our tastes on the other fellow by force, and once you get that idea creeping in—there you are. Trouble by the bucketful!

As a great writer once said: "Selfishness is the only real atheism; unselfishness is the only real religion."

Argument

SHOULD OUR SPELLING BE SIMPLIFIED?

Yes

1. English has twenty-six letters adapted from an old Phœnician alphabet, which are arranged to reproduce just over 370 sounds according to rules taken at random from other languages ranging from Greek to Gaelic. The result is chaos.

2. The same letters can mean several different sounds—for example, though, thought, through, plough, rough, cough. In Basic English (supposed to be simplified!) the sound ee is spelt in eight ways: secret, receipt, key, keep, here, hear, field, machine. Children are bewildered by the strain of learning such illogical stuff.

3. The foreign teacher heard telling his English class: "Rule 97—to make *now* rhyme with *low* put a k in front of it," shows what foreigners feel about our language.

4. English grammar is so simple that but for our spelling nothing could stop our language from becoming world-wide.

5. Life grows every year more complicated and the child has more to learn. We dare not continue any unnecessary strain on young minds.

6. A change-over to simplified spelling, it has been estimated, would in time save everyone a year of his life.

No

1. The cost of any sudden change in spelling would be astronomical. Millions of books would have to be reprinted.

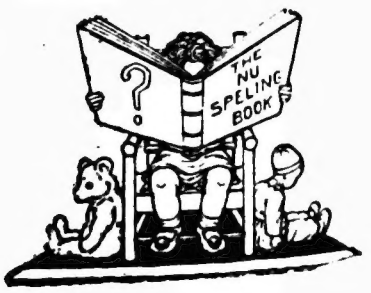
2. It is true that Russia simplified her spelling in 1917 as part of the Soviet campaign against illiteracy, but the changes were relatively simple. The effect in Brazil, where more sweeping changes in Portuguese were attempted, was chaos.

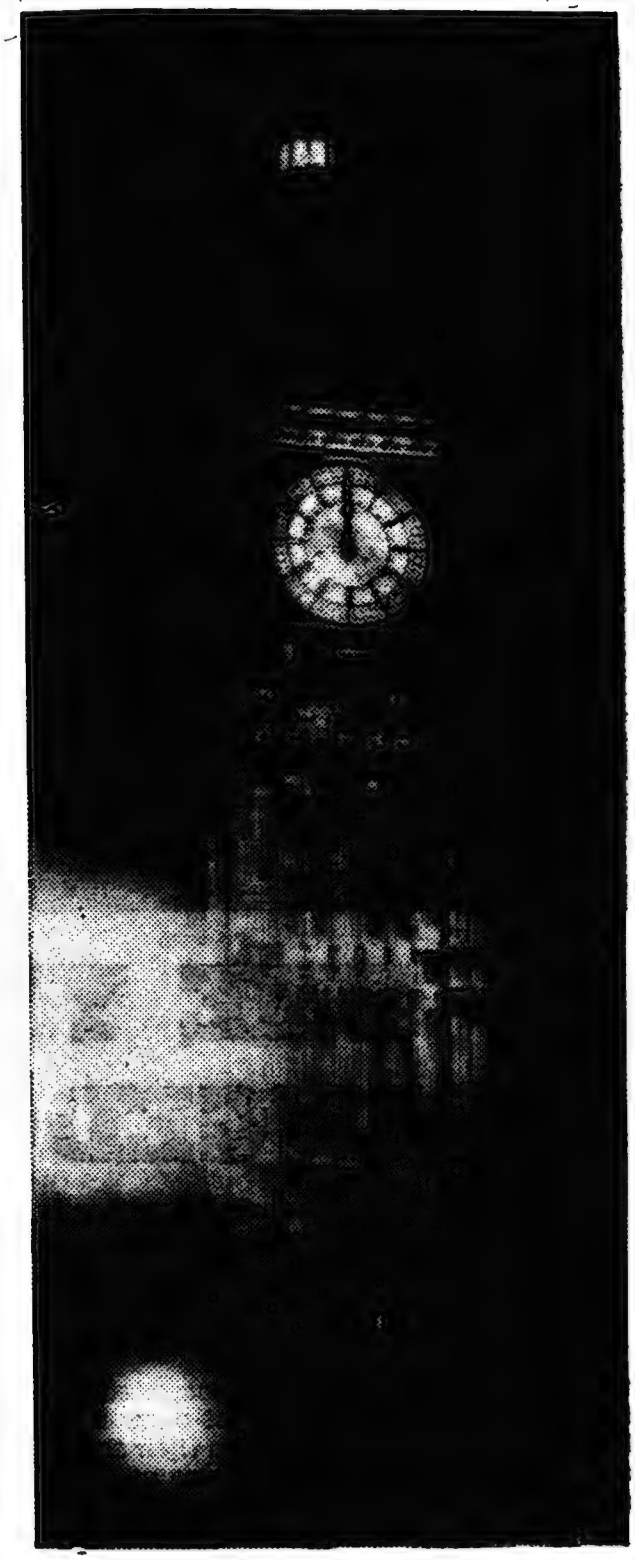
3. A language is not a mechanical code; it is a history of racial soul. The generation forced to make the change would suffer appalling mental and spiritual damage.

4. The whole of our classics would become a foreign language; read "in translation," much of their meaning would be lost.

5. The fact that all European languages have common roots in Greek and Latin helps foreigners at least as much as the resulting oddnesses hinder them.

6. The logical consequences of the "Simplified Speller's" train of thought would be to make shorthand the only written language.





The slow, muddling bloke of December 31 was going to become a roaring lion on the first of January, resolved HERBERT HODGE. But sometimes we make the wrong sort of New Year resolutions. Hodge did, anyway

Herbert Hodge looks back on his previous resolutions and decides it's no use being what you're not

AS BIG BEN CHIMES

AT MIDNIGHT ON MONDAY, I shall be sitting at home listening to the chimes of Big Ben (I hope) and looking forward to my forty-fifth New Year.

I wonder if I'll be making a New Year resolution. I used to make a habit of it. Every New Year's Eve. I was always going to be a better man. Or, at any rate, a different man.

The slow, muddling, diffident bloke of December 31 was going to become a roaring lion on the first of January. Only to discover, long before the first of February, that the roaring lion was still a mouse.

But one of the good things about reaching your forty-fifth New Year is that you've learned a bit about yourself. You've discovered it's no use trying to be something you're not.

For instance, if you happen to be fond of your beer and tobacco and your bit of roast pork (when you can get it) it isn't much use resolving to be a teetotaler or a non-smoker or a vegetarian.

If you were born a Charlie Chaplin, it's no use saying you'll be a Humphrey Bogart. Similarly, if you naturally behave like Greta Garbo, it's silly to strive to be a Carmen Miranda.

It only leads to wailing and gnashing of teeth, and ends in certain failure and self-disgust.

You can't begin to be happy again until everyone, including yourself, has forgotten about your resolution. And that may take a long time. Maybe even three or four weeks. A whole month of misery. A mug's way to begin the New Year.

Mind you, I'm only speaking from personal experience in this. Maybe I'm one of the weak sort; the sort the poet describes :

" Vague half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly willed,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose weak resolves never have been fulfilled;
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day."

I copied out the verse on a card—in the hope that it might stiffen my will a bit, and help me the next time.

That was a good many years ago. I've still got the card. It's on my desk before me as I write. It's gone a bit yellow, and curled up at the edges. But the ink was good. The writing still stands out, bold and black; as clear as when I copied it.

Am I still the same man? The man

" Whose weak resolves never have been fulfilled;
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new. . . ."

Yes, I think I am. Or, rather, I'm still the man who copied out those words and felt they summed him up.

But there's one big difference. I'm quite a few years older. During those years I've learned to understand a bit more. I've begun to realise what I'm at. I'm no longer trying to batter along bull-headed.

Looking back, I can see now what was wrong with that young chap. It wasn't so much his weak will. It was his wrong resolutions.

Born to be Clumsy

Born slow and clumsy, he was trying to be swift and deft. Born a bit soft and sentimental, he was trying to be hard and ruthless. Born a thoughtful and contemplative type, he was trying to be a man of action.

I didn't so much discover all this as have it hammered into my head by hard experience. All I really knew about it was that I kept on trying and failing—making resolutions and seeing them crash around me unfulfilled.

Meanwhile, I was steadily giving way to my weakness. The inclination to stand and stare, instead of being Up and Doing—the inclination to wonder why, instead of Getting On With It.

And as time passed I found I liked writing down some of the thoughts that came to me while I was standing, staring, and wondering why. I didn't make any resolutions about my thoughts. My resolutions were all for Up and Doing. I tried all kinds of jobs. And I still kept coming unstuck. Jack of all trades, and master of none. That was me.

Finally, sick of continually getting the sack, I decided to have a go at cab-driving—mainly because it seemed to be about the only kind of job I could hope to hold down.

But I wasn't even a very successful cab-driver. My weakness was gradually getting a greater hold on me. Instead of dashing about in search of customers, as a good cab-driver should, I'd drift to a cab-rank in some quiet square and sit contemplating the occasional passer-by and maybe jotting down an odd thought.

In the end, it got so that I seldom went out at all in the hurly-burly of the daytime, but only at night, when the streets had quietened down. During the day it was easier to write at home.

Held by a Demon

Of course, I wasn't bringing home much money. I was married. I'd got responsibilities. And I kept on making resolutions to become different. But it didn't do any good. My weakness had now become a demon that wouldn't let me go.

I went out to work only when I was too tired to write. And my wife, for reasons which I daren't try to fathom, patiently put up with it.

Life went on like that, year after year. Ten years altogether, and every one a failure. Then my first book was published. The reviewers praised it. A number of people bought it.

So that I woke up one day to find that what had been my lifelong failing was now my success. What had been my weakness was now my strength.

It was very pleasant—in more ways than one. And not least in that, for once in my life, I had brought some money home.

But I didn't suddenly sit back and start living happily ever after. I still wasn't satisfied. I still hated my own slowness. I still hankered after being swift and deft. I still wanted to be a man of action—the life and soul of the party.

The war gave me plenty of opportunity for that, as it did a good many other people. But, alas ! I didn't shine. Not as a hero, anyway—which is what I should have liked.

You notice it's become " like " now, instead of " want." That's the difference between being thirty-five and forty-five—the measure of growing older. And perhaps wiser. I wonder.

Anyway, here I am now, looking forward to my forty-fifth New Year, and faced with the task of choosing the right resolutions. What shall they be?

Since I can't be what I'm not, I must try to make the best of what I am.

I suppose that's what Voltaire meant when he said " Cultivate your garden." Only, being a rotten gardener, it's taken me half a lifetime to find it out.

I could resolve to write another book. But I shall do that, anyway. So there isn't much point in making a resolution about it.

I could resolve to make it a better book than anything I've written before. But that's something entirely beyond my control. I can only try. And hope. I can't will it.

No—I've got to find a resolution within my powers—a resolution suitable to someone slow and muddleheaded. Nothing swift. Nothing fancy. Nothing life-and-soulish. Something that'll take a bit of doing, yet something a chap like me can do. Something sound, solid and useful.

And maybe something that would please somebody else.

I think I know. I'll help my wife a bit more with the washing-up.

It'll take a bit of will-power, but I think I could manage it. After all, washing-up is something any fool can do—provided he doesn't drop plates.

Yes, that's it. And maybe when New Year's Eve comes round again I shall be able to look back for once in my life and say : " That was a resolution I kept ! "

THE YEAR CHANGED TH

Perhaps the most epoch-making year in human history people, have witnessed the swift-moving cavalcade of e pageant of the year must be seen in its true pers

by VICTOR THO

WHAT A JUGGERNAUT OF A YEAR! Never in all the calendars of mankind has there been one so crammed with cosmic drama.

We who have lived through it are still too close to its shocks to see all their consequences in their right proportions. Men who were in the Reichswald fighting of February or the Rhine crossings of March may look back to those days as their own peak of experience. People at home may choose the day they escaped from a V-2. Americans may have been moved by Iwojima or the death of Roosevelt.

Intense personal emotions, however, do not necessarily make history. While 1945 ticks away into the past, let us try to separate the really significant happenings from the rest of the Year that Changed the World.

Chronologically, the first great milestone was May 8, the Day of Victory in Europe; and undoubtedly those hours of uproarious celebration will be recalled above all others by most of the people of Britain.

Year of Victories

The fact is, of course, that, militarily speaking, the war in Europe should have ended in the previous July, when the German armies were lurching back to their own frontiers, and their generals, trying to escape complete annihilation, plotted unsuccessfully to kill Hitler and to thwart the Nazis who were prolonging the war to give themselves a few more months of life.

It is true, too, but generally overlooked, that January 1, which proved to be a most fitting opening for a year of victory, was really the day when German armed might shot its last aggressive bolts.

That day, soldiers in the snows of the Western Front looked up at the vapour trails of a great air fleet streaming from east to west. The battered *Luftwaffe* had at last come out in strength in daylight. With the Rundstedt offensive in the Ardennes finally halted, it was a last crazy gamble.

It failed. Two hundred German aircraft were shot to bits. And that was the last *offensive* move the enemy ever made. After January 1, it was all retreat and defence and spreading chaos.

Without minimising later Allied victories, it can be said that all that followed on the battlefields of Europe was but the long-drawn-out convulsions of a mad dog dying.

Nevertheless, it is May 8 that goes into the history books as the day which saw the final passing of the threat which might have plunged the world back into the Dark Ages.

And we were amazed then, not by the victory but by the awful completeness of Nazi disintegration. Why, even Himmler, the man who knew more about mankind than anybody in Europe, was unable to devise any better escape methods than some clumsily faked papers and a patch over one eye.

The leaders committed suicide or were caught ignominiously. The people, the *Herrenvolk,* became overnight a meek and hangdog race. The Allies had to help them to help themselves.

It was, like so much else in the year, not at all the way we had foreseen things. Nevertheless, the great facts were that eventual victory over Japan was now doubly certain and humanity had won a last chance to build a better way of international life.

Blueprints for that new framework were already being drawn at San Francisco, where, on June 26, the year reached its second tremendous moment with the formal signing, by delegates from fifty nations, of the World Security Charter.

This document of 10,000 words empowered the United Nations Organisation (soon to have a home in America) to use force in the settlement of international disputes.

On the other hand, it gave to each of the Big Five—Britain, America, Russia, France and China—the right to veto discussion of any problem in which it was involved.

It was a little like appointing only heavyweights to the Cabinet, and it was less than men of good will had hoped in the days when the Atlantic Charter was our beacon. But it was a beginning.

We did not know how soon and fearsomely the need for it would be demonstrated. But the people of Britain almost at once showed how determined they were to do their share in abolishing the old evils, at home as well as abroad.

In the next big event of 1945, the General Election of July, they startled the world (and perhaps themselves a little) by returning to power a Labour Government pledged to a full Socialist policy.

Labour had 394 seats in the new Parliament and the Conservatives only 183. Overnight, we had to learn that "the Prime Minister" no longer meant pugnacious, eloquent Winston Churchill, but a quiet, shy man with a dark moustache.

It will be argued by some that this result was of only national significance and ought not to be included among the world-shaking happenings of the year. To speak thus is to overlook that the British General Election set the seal on Europe's Leftward trend, the most interesting political phenomenon of the past decade.

To-day, Spain and Portugal are the only countries on the Continent with government of the Right. All the rest, with the possible exception of Greece, lean Left at various angles.

To-day, Britain is no longer a capitalist Power necessarily more sympathetic to America than to Russia in almost everything. It is a Socialist state, standing midway between the other two great Powers; and the

R THAT
HE WORLD

n history is drawing to a close. We, the ordinary ode of events. But, says the writer, the dramatic ue perspective to grasp its lesson for 1946

THOMPSON

importance of that reorientation to the world is as yet incalculable.

Certainly, it means that the country which created the largest empire ever known is ready to-day, for the good of all, to sacrifice to that organisation which was born at San Francisco some of the sovereignty it has prized so much, and to say with Nurse Cavell: "Patriotism is not enough."

Before the gasps at the Election results had died down, there occurred the mightiest event of this or any other year.

On August 6, American aviators dropped the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima and erased that city from the map of Japan. On August 9, Nagasaki was similarly destroyed.

There were 250,000 casualties in the two places, and in the fantastic mushrooms of boiling dust and smoke that rose 40,000 ft. above their anguish, a new era of human history was born.

While demoralised Japan was surrendering unconditionally (August 15), it was plain to all the world that scientists had at last placed in the hands of statesmen a destructive force so awful that further war with its aid would mean the end of all civilisation.

For those first two bombs were only babies. It is probably already possible to produce specimens a thousand times more powerful.

At present, although the theoretical work was done mainly by British and European scientists, only the United States have all the resources to manufacture it. But in two years any country could be producing atomic weapons, and in that time the process will doubtless have been simplified and cheapened.

If no effective international control has by that time been established, what then?

With that question giving dark visions to us all, it is not surprising that most people have been thinking more of the destructive power of atomic energy than of its possibilities for good.

Yet if industry can harness it—and experts say that will be done within twenty years—the world will have at its command literally tens of thousands of times the power it can extract from coal, oil and hydro-electricity.

Atomic energy can bring a new world of sunshine and help to solve every economic problem we know—if it does not smash us all first.

It sits now at every conference table, and prompts every statesman. It helped to bring the Big Three Conference of Foreign Ministers to an empty close in London in September, and they had to try again just before Christmas.

That was after Mr. Attlee, flying to Washington in November, had contrived with Mr. Truman some promise of international trusteeship in the future. It was something, but not many will pretend that the vast problem is yet under control.

To-day, then, the nations still stand awestruck, not knowing whether, when the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, they began to tread the path to the pit or the path to the stars. . . .

Enough, surely, to think about for one year! Yet it may be that, looking back to 1945 from what we hope will be the saner world of a century hence, historians will point to one other great turning-point.

It is impossible to give it a date, for it is the slow beginning of a trend, rather than a swift and startling headline. It might be called the Awakening of the East.

For a century, the untold millions of Asia have drowsed in a mediæval condition, dominated largely and sometimes in their own interests by the Western powers.

But the war has stirred nearly all the nations there out of their timeless lethargy. Wide-awake leaders have arisen to repeat, after the Japanese have gone, the invaders' propaganda cry of "Asia for the Asiatics!"

Excitable sections of the population of Indo-China fought against the return of the French to that country, and are still in a state of revolt. Worse troubles have occurred in Java, where the Dutch held sway.

In Burma, only the presence of strong British forces keeps the extremists reasonably quiet.

In India, where there was one attempt at revolution during the war, there will be a new upheaval if the British do not soon relinquish power.

Powerful World Authority

Exhausted China has already seen civil war and a revival of anti-foreign feeling. In the Middle East, Persia, Syria, the Lebanon and Palestine have all been in ferment.

From the Mediterranean to the Pacific, in fact, a strange yeast has been stirring during this fateful year. Whatever it means, it is plain that the old days have gone and new ways are coming.

All the other events we have been recalling shout the same tidings to us.

They underline one another, and their plain lesson is becoming generally accepted.

It is that only a truly democratic and powerful World Authority, working impartially for all, can hope to remove the world's nightmares.

Not until control of atomic power has been firmly vested in that Authority will the nations breathe freely again and the ideals of the Atlantic Charter be revived.

If 1946 sees the reinforcement, in that way, of the United Nations Organisation, it may, indeed, be a Happy New Year—and a fit reward for the world's sufferings in the year that is now panting into the past.

FREE SPEECH

THE CASE FOR THE MIDDLEMAN

R.A.F. still flies "on its stomach." Gas-masks into babies' dummies. A soldier thanks Britain. Useful notes for poachers. Old ladies go house-hunting. When can shop-assistants shop? Government should release idle vehicles

AS PRESIDENT-ELECT of the National Chamber of Trade—which represents 250,000 traders—I was very interested in Harry Fowler's article "Millions for the Middleman" (JOHN BULL, December 15). But Mr. Fowler has only given one side of the picture. May I give the other?

1. Costs of distribution cannot be fairly judged under present conditions when lack of normal competition, a rigid permit system, and widespread controls all operate to increase distribution costs.

2. All previous attempts to establish direct trading have ended up by proving costlier than the ordinary system.

3. The Co-operative Societies have always claimed to sell directly to the consumer, yet their prices are just as high as those charged in the ordinary shop.

4. Mr. Fowler's choice of milk as an example is rather unfortunate—as the production and distribution of milk are practically nationalised under the Milk Marketing Board.

5. How does Mr. Fowler reconcile his complaint against coal prices with the recent statement made by Mr. Shinwell, Minister of Fuel, addressing a coal-mining committee of the International Labour Office in London recently? Mr. Shinwell said: "We in this country lived far too long in the years preceding the war on cheap coal, and at the expense of the mine-workers of the country. Those days of depression, of cheap coal, impoverishing the mine-workers have gone—and, I hope, gone for good."

6. If Mr. Fowler wants to eliminate the middleman, will he tell us how he proposes to find jobs for the million men and women who would be displaced?—(SIR) WALTER WOMERSLEY, Bt., J.P., National Chamber of Trade, 3, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

☆ ☆ ☆

I WAS INTERESTED in your article "Millions for the Middleman" (JOHN BULL, December 15).

The difference between farmers' prices and those the housewife has to meet does appear terrific. But that gulf is bridged a great deal.

The farmer's price is fixed on weight of goods as packed. But bags or packages often reach the retailer very much under the alleged weight. All classes handling these goods, from producer to retailer, deny any knowledge of the shortage. However, the retailer must pay in full on the alleged weight. Down goes his profit!

Commodities are packed by growers in a dirty condition. The retailer must clean and often trim before he can offer them for sale in accordance with standing orders. In a recent case a barrel of new potatoes charged as containing four stone of the vegetable was found to contain exactly one stone of earth and pebbles. The retailer's loss was 14 lb. at 4½d. per lb. In another case a bag of cauliflowers paid for as containing 56 lb., yielded, after trimming, only 2 or 3 lb. saleable "heads." The retailer paid for 56 lb.

Mr. Fowler takes no account of damaged and rotten goods. Green-groceries and fruit are notoriously perishable. Delays in transport often result in more than 50 per cent. of one consignment being unsaleable when received by the retailer. He must pay on the full weight. The producer bears none of this loss.

Finally, transport costs cannot be eliminated unless we all choose to go and live actually on the farmer's cabbage patch. Moreover, the Ministry of Food is constantly watching the profit-margins left to each section of the distributive trade.—H. HEBBLETHWAITE, West Street, Sheffield.

Better Half

WHAT HAS THIS WAR DONE to the manners of our young men? Where has their sense of gallantry gone? My daughter had a young man in to tea. She had to leave for work at 6 p.m. and

"I'll stay by the fire"

she asked him if he'd walk to the office with her. "Oh, no," he said, "I'll stay here by the fire. It's cold outside."

This "specimen" has already proposed to my daughter, but thank goodness she is still under age and her father and I would not give our consent to marriage with such a thoughtless person.—MOTHER (address given).

What's Cooking

MY HUSBAND, now serving in the M.E.F. as a cook, has been in the R.A.F. for six years and eight months. He is Group 28. In his latest letter he tells me that, in the demobilisation lists for January to the end of February, cooks are only up to Group 22, while some other trades are up to Group 32.

Why this colossal difference? It seems to me the Government is so busy nationalising this and that, they are forgetting the people who made it possible for them to nationalise anything at all.—MRS. J. RUTLAND, 37, Hallfields Road, Orford, Warrington, Lancs.

Demob. from Inside

PEOPLE ARE STILL clamouring for quicker demobilisation. It looks as if they are so hard pressed for an argument against the Government that they can only play on the Serviceman's yearning for Civvy Street.

A visit to the Army Pay Office where I work might prove an eye-opener. Closing the soldier's old account, paying his credit balance, assessing release leave pay and adjusting income-tax and war service grants are only a few of the complicated and essential jobs we do.

But all the time the most experienced men and women clerks are being released. They have to be replaced by inexperienced infantrymen. All this is obviously only a tiny part of the difficulty of demobilisation. Although my own group number is 38, I know better than to agitate for action which could only produce chaos.—PTE. J. R. HILLMAN, 14, Somerset Gardens, Lewisham, S.E.13.

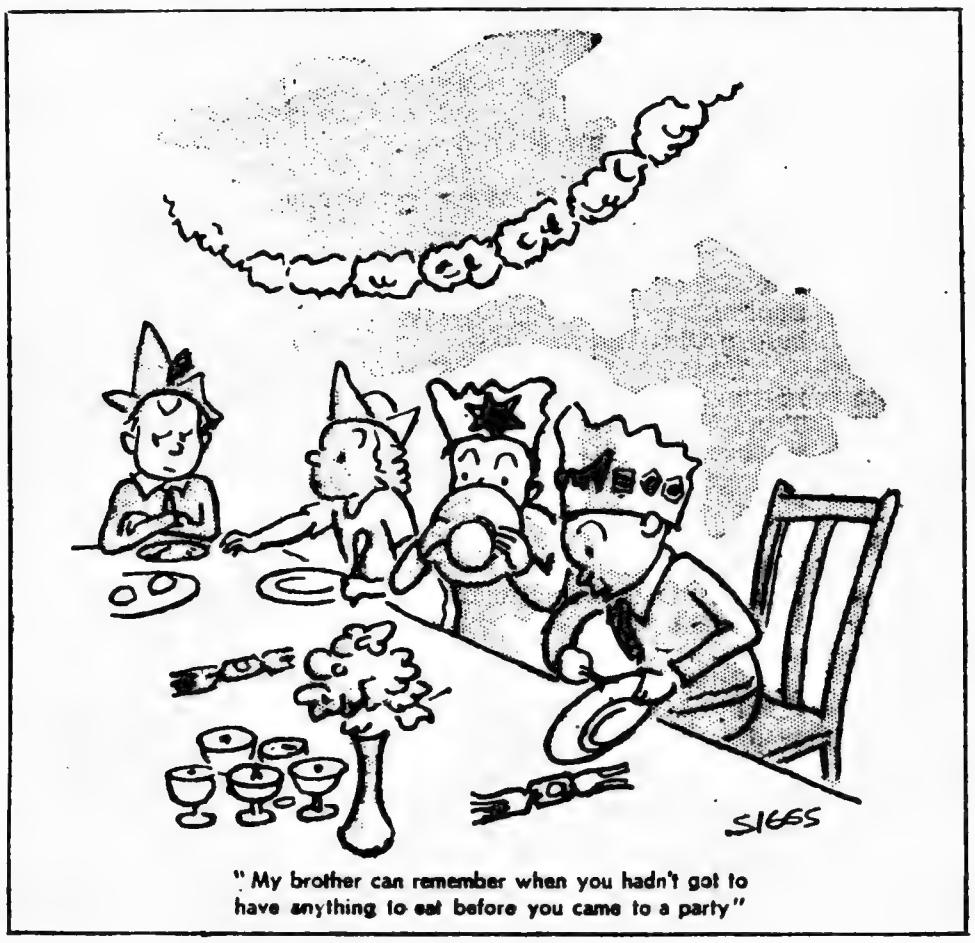
Gas Masks—for Babies

THERE ARE PROBABLY millions of gas-masks stored away harbouring dust in cupboards. Couldn't these be collected and the rubber used to make baby comforters and teats which are still very scarce?—H. W. HALL, 40, Clever Road, Custom House, E.16.

With Their Feet Up?

I READ THE ARGUMENTS about blood sports (JOHN BULL, November 17), but fail to see why fox-hunting is considered cruel. The fox has every chance to make a getaway and if he is caught, is killed instantly.

Anyone who has seen a hunted fox race through a farmyard and still have time to pick up a fowl will know that he does not think much of the hounds.



"My brother can remember when you hadn't got to have anything to eat before you came to a party"

"Come on, why are you hanging back?"

I have seen foxes wait for the hounds and almost say "Come on, why are you hanging back?"

It is only old blatherers who know nothing of the sport who moan about cruelty.—E. CARTWRIGHT, 5, West Haddon Road, Guilsborough, Northampton.

Friends in Need

JOHN BULL, will you take a message to millions of homes this Christmas? It is a greeting from thousands of troops and girls in the Auxiliary Services. We want to send a message of thanks and happy memories to the little homes of England, where we were made so welcome during the war.

The shepherd's cottage near the Scottish border, where there was always tea and fried eggs for soldiers out on manœuvres. The mining village in Northumberland, where they rushed out with hot tea for every convoy that stopped.

Everywhere we found kindness expressed in practical ways—food, roaring fires, steaming baths, comfortable beds when we were allowed to use them.

That cottage in Somerset where my own family found haven from the blitz, and the other villagers who set Servicemen's minds at rest by taking their wives and kiddies from danger areas.

Please take them all our greetings and our thanks for a thousand kindnesses.—ROY MARSHALL, Wimbledon, Surrey.

Play the Game

I REFER to your short story (JOHN BULL, December 8) of the poacher, in which he is said to have shot a partridge out of a tree well inside a wood.

The partridge is never found inside a wood and never perches in trees. It is a bird which lives exclusively on the ground in grassland, rough ground, cultivated fields and on downland.

If the bird had been a pheasant it would have been nearer the mark, but even then, as the shooting took place in the daytime, there would still have been an error, as the pheasant passes the daylight hours on the ground and only goes up into the trees at night to roost.

It breeds and feeds only on the ground.—RICHARD STILES, St. Albans, Herts.

*** Other correspondents on this subject please note. It has also been pointed out that a rifle is not normally used to shoot partridge. Nevertheless, everyone seems to have enjoyed the story.—EDITOR.

Domestic "Greenfingers"

THE OLD COUNTRY idea of "greenfingers" seems to apply in the house. I am a trained cook and housekeeper, yet fires always go out on me. I find it difficult to make a decent cup of tea, and any potatoes I cook are always sad. If I were not good at all the other items on the menu, I'd always be getting the sack. Yet a friend of mine, who cannot cook to save her life and hates housework, is a wizard with fires, makes

real tea and always seems to get her potatoes just right.—MISS I. VALLER, 1, Shrewsbury Road, W.2.

"Spare-time" for Nurses

DURING THE LAST FEW WEEKS I have been reading with great interest Mr. Aneurin Bevan's schemes for improving conditions in the nursing profession. And I smiled a little bitterly one morning recently when I was presented with the assistant cook's uniform dress to shorten. This was my "spare-time" job for a busy night in the children's ward. —E. D. (State Registered Nurse—address enclosed).

House-Hunting at Eighty-four

TWO OLD LADIES were talking. One said she was eighty-four; the other was seventy-seven. The eighty-four-year-old said she'd been walking round the town for nearly two hours looking for a house for her son. It was a hopeless quest, but she was still cheerful and looking forward to a cup of tea when she got home. What courage!—F. C. ERSWELL, 24, Franklin Road, Bexley Heath, Kent.

The Atomic Age

THE WAR HAS MADE our youngsters very knowledgeable in some ways and very simple in others. Holidays by the sea have been ruled out, for instance, for many children.

A small cousin, aged four, was taken

"He turned and ran hard"

to the seaside just recently for the first time. He stood and looked at the water as it neared full tide time and then exclaimed, "Looks as if the world is slipping in."

Then he turned and ran as hard as he could—inland.—E. A. MILES, 21, Leicester Road, Market Harborough, Northants.

Shutting the Shop

I HAVE ONLY one grouse in life and in my first letter to a paper I would like to express it. Why, in the name of all that's wonderful, don't shops of different kinds shut on different days? I am a shop assistant and when we close on Wednesdays, it is impossible for me to go shopping, because all the other places are closed, too.—V. McE., Consett, Co. Durham.

Kept Off the Roads

WHILE THE GOVERNMENT is complaining of the shortage of transport, hundreds of army vehicles are going to ruin between Northampton and Warwick. Several acres of land are packed with vehicles of all kinds. They could be used. Why doesn't the Government release them?—WILLIAM B. MURFIT, Lodge Farm, Sutton Marsh, near Long Sutton, Lincs.

Pulpit Cunning

I OFTEN STUDY "wayside pulpits," and blushed this week to see this anti-Christian slogan: "You sometimes hurt your enemy more by refraining from hitting back."

Boiled down, that simply means a Christian can get satisfaction out of knowing that he has given his enemy a kick in the pants while still appearing to have a forgiving nature.—J. RAFTERY, 42, Corporation Street, Barnsley, Yorks.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

YOUR PICTURES—£30,000,000

That is what they are worth—the nation's pictures now on view for anyone to enjoy. Here is the story of the man who has for years had them in his care, told by

HANNEN SWAFFER

SIR KENNETH CLARK will say goodbye, on December 31, to pictures worth anything between £25,000,000 and £30,000,000!

Since 1934, when he became Director of the National Gallery—he was then only thirty!—he has had charge of Britain's most valuable collection of old masters, including over a dozen worth more than £100,000 each.

For over six years he did his utmost, by rearrangement and reframing and by arranging special exhibitions, to make the National Gallery more attractive in the almost vain hope that the public taste could be improved.

Then, in 1939, when war seemed imminent and London was threatened with bombing, he had the sad ten-day task of dispersing them in buildings all over the country. As it was soon realised that no part of the country was safe from the *Luftwaffe*, he had to arrange for them to be stored in underground caves and yet be free from damp.

When peace came, he saw them all safely brought back to Trafalgar Square. Then, wanting to spend leisure on writing books, he resigned.

"What is the most exciting thing that has happened to you during your life at the National Gallery?" I asked Sir Kenneth.

Saved from a Bomb

He did not, in reply, refer to the occasion on which, by throwing himself on the ground, he was saved from the bomb that killed all the bus queue in which he had been standing. Nor did he mention the adventures of the National Gallery's staff during the constant bombing which I shared in my flat directly opposite its eastern wing.

Instead, he replied that it was a telephone ring that came from Paris—the sound of the voice of an Armenian oil magnate named Gulbenkian.

This offered the loan from his art collection of pictures worth over £1,000,000. Although that was in 1936, they are still in Sir Kenneth's charge.

Yes, the National Gallery's pictures are back again; but it will be a long time before they are all rehung. For two-thirds of the rooms were blitzed; two, indeed, were completely destroyed.

Nearly all the time, the classical concerts which Myra Hess inaugurated because of Sir Kenneth's encouragement were drawing lunch-time crowds to the empty galleries.

Then, three years ago, Sir Kenneth conceived the idea of showing *one* old master to the public at a time, to keep its interest in pictures alive. So, specially brought from a cave, one of the more interesting pictures was placed near the door, when it could be hastily moved every time there was a raid warning.

"Sometimes," Sir Kenneth told me, "we carried that week's picture up and down stairs as many as twenty times a day."

"Bump" of a Brain

"K.," as his friends call him, is the son of a Paisley sewing-cotton manufacturer, a part of "Coats's." At school, he had dreams of becoming an art expert. When quite young, he made a generous benefaction to the Ashmolean Museum—almost the oldest museum in Europe. Then, appointed Director of the National Gallery, he was placed in control of what, after that of the Prado Gallery in Madrid, is perhaps the most valuable collection in the world.

He had enthusiasm, a love of art that had been developed in Florence, and a brain that, looking too big for his skull, stuck out in a bump.

"What exactly was your job?" I asked him.

He explained that first. It was to

Sir Kenneth Clark, now retiring from being Director of the National Gallery, "tried to make the pictures look at home".

spend, wisely, "and without my own enthusiasm running away with me," between £7,000 and £8,000 annually on new purchases. For that was all he was allowed.

And he had to compete with millionaire collectors, particularly in the United States and in Holland.

"I could make only one important purchase a year at the most," he said. "So it was my job not to fritter away money on an attractive second-rate picture but to buy only masterpieces."

Masterpieces Cleaned

Then he had to rearrange the entire collection, which had become static and over-formal. He even ventured to clean certain of the masterpieces, sometimes to the accompaniment of protests from the fastidious. The works of Van Eyck, Titian and Rubens underwent a washing amid cries of horror.

"I tried to make the pictures look 'at home,'" explained Sir Kenneth, "just like a Zoological Gardens keeper tries to make his animals at home in the cages.

"More, the people have to be made to feel at home, even if they don't know why, among the pictures. You must make them welcome, encourage them to ask questions, make them eager to pay another visit.

"As one way of doing that, I had special exhibitions. Then I rearranged pictures and studied the art of framing.

"Another method was the installation of electric lighting so that day-time workers could visit the Gallery in the evening.

"Yet another was encouraging the sale of reproductions of the pictures, on postcards, for framing and in books.

"There will never be an interest in Art, on the scale that the B.B.C. has encouraged by broadcast concerts, until high-class colour reproductions of famous pictures are sold, say at half-a-guinea or even 7s. 6d. This should be possible."

Despite his success in increasing the attendances at the National Gallery, I found Sir Kenneth anything but enthusiastic about the public taste.

"Surely it has improved in the last decade?" I said.

"I would not say so," answered Sir Kenneth. "The most popular paintings of all those in my charge are still, I think, 'The Age of Innocence,' by Reynolds, and Frith's 'Derby Day.' You cannot inculcate a love of painting, as you can a love of music, by broadcasts or gramophone records. I wish you could."

"Cranks," it seems, have been Sir Kenneth's chief worry, as they have for years been mine. They write to me about their pet schemes for curing the material, physical or economic woes that afflict mankind. They have done worse to "K."; they have called on him.

Priceless or Worthless?

Sir Kenneth's cranks have been discoverers of "old masters" and "antiques" of every sort.

"They haunt all public galleries and museums," he told me. "Some days, two-thirds of a curator's time is taken in looking at pictures of no value despite the belief, in the minds of the owners, that they are priceless.

"Perhaps twice a year they bring in something of some value; but the rest of the time you have to show a polite interest in pictures that are worthless. Often you have to be as patient as if you were talking to a sick child or an imbecile, because no person is as hard to convince as the possessor of an 'old master.' He thinks everyone is trying to rob him.

"Strangely enough, doctors are the hardest to convince. Many men who are clever at their own jobs are foolish outside them. Anyway, all the cranks of all kinds seem to come to me."

Sir Kenneth did, during the war, a really great service to posterity. He got hundreds of artists of every kind to make a pictorial record of every phase of the nation's struggle for freedom. As a consequence, no fewer than 5,000 pictures, oils and water-colours, were either commissioned or bought, first for exhibition at the National Gallery, in relays, and afterwards for dispersal all over the Commonwealth.

The artists ranged from men and women of the standing of Stanley Spencer, Muirhead Bone and Laura Knight to the young and the unknown.

Battles and Blitzes

Henry Moore explored the underground life of blitzed Londoners and the mines for his harrowing themes. John Piper and Graham Sutherland painted bombed buildings.

On all the battlefields of the world, and in the intervals of fighting, officers made sketches of the scenes around them. Firemen painted, the morning after, the flames they had extinguished overnight. The work of the Waafs, the Wrens and the Ats, and the toilsome tasks of the shipbuilders and the miners was put into paint.

For the first time in history, a nation made, so that generations to come might see, a record of its finest hour. It was, for Sir Kenneth Clark, a labour of love. And it was one for which innumerable unborn Britons will thank him.

Soon, he will increase the nation's indebtedness to him by donating to it the greater part of his private collection of modern pictures.

HE HAD IDEALS—AND THEY WORKED

Robert Owen was a hard-headed, wealthy business man. But he had ideals. He discovered that if you treat workers well they work better—and you make more money in the long run

by VINCENT BROME

Robert Owen's ideals were laughed at—but his principles have become a driving force behind industry to-day

"ONE OF THOSE BORES who are the salt of the earth." This is how Leslie Stephen described him. Yes, it is true that Robert Owen could be boring. He believed so passionately in his mission that very often he could talk of nothing else. Yet Robert Owen, the founder of ideal communities and practical man of business, the shop-boy who became the great industrial magnate, had the interests of his fellow-men at heart.

He started work at nine years of age. At ten he changed his job and became a draper's apprentice. Those were the days of long working hours, of dungeon-like premises and unbridled competition.

Borrowed £100

The weakly boy, who was far too apt to press his nose against the window and forget the time of day, seemed certain to be lost in this harsh outer world, where the devil, in the form of hunger and want, did literally take the hindmost.

Yet he prospered. He moved to Manchester and was caught up in the great cotton gambles. It was a time when the bold and adventurous could make a fortune overnight, given some small starting-point Robert Owen was out of luck there. He had no money at all. But that did not deter him. He went out one day, borrowed £100, and calmly set himself up in competition with some of the most hard-bitten business men of the day.

Christmas came round some weeks later. Owen was far too busy arguing with his partner to pay much attention. The battle of wits and machines and raw materials had him in its exciting grip. There was little time to observe the conventional celebrations.

Despair at Christmas

But, on Christmas Eve, one of those small, commonplace incidents occurred. They seem to have no special significance at the time, and yet are destined to change a man's whole outlook.

He was walking down the then High Street of Manchester, and noticed a child staring into a window full of brightly-coloured toys. Something in the grimy face made him stop. He moved closer and watched.

There, unmistakably on the face of a child barely seven years old was a look of despair far beyond its years. It was a dull, blank apathy, a certainty that this was all outside its reach. Owen stopped, squatted on his haunches and talked to the child.

The father worked in one of the new factories. There were seven, so far, in the family. No, there wasn't any Christmas cake. No, they hadn't any toys. Father never got enough money for things like that. Owen gave the boy a shilling and walked on.

Many years later, when he had made his mark, Robert Owen acquired the New Lanark Mills, the largest and best equipped spinning mills in Scotland. Soon he was not only a wealthy man, but well on the road to becoming very rich indeed. Outwardly, it was a very different Robert Owen now from the gawky youth who had first set foot in Manchester.

Inwardly, he had developed, too. But the idealism of early youth had come through untouched. He still remembered very clearly the child outside the toy-shop. And since then he had seen and heard things which fitted far too closely to the child's story for his peace of mind.

Extremes of Wealth

In a new Penguin, *Persons and Periods*, by G. D. H. Cole, you can read the fascinating story of what happened next. Owen determined that his factory should not become merely an efficient factory, but a well-governed community based on his own personal ideals.

Around him men were making large fortunes. Meanwhile, their workers spent most of their lives under appalling conditions in exchange for a mere pittance.

The wildest extremes of wealth and dull, grinding poverty made up the pattern of everyday life.

Owen set out to change all that. First he paid better wages than anyone else. Then he cut working hours.

His competitors smiled. They said he was bound to come a cropper, sooner or later. There was no place for sentimental notions like this in the business world. Next Owen decided to limit the amount of profit made on the capital of his company and to turn over all surplus profits to providing communal services for the workers. At this his competitors laughed openly. You might try these scatterbrained notions for a few weeks, but you could never get away with them over a whole year.

Twelve months later, they had changed their tune. The Lanark factory not only continued to prosper, it showed signs of beating the others at their own game.

Here, for the first time in history, the workers came to the job with a zest, put everything they had into their work. If Mr. Owen took all this trouble to study them, he, maybe, was worth studying.

So the first great social experiment in higher wages and better conditions produced the most convincing results, and what began in one factory on a limited scale eventually expanded its influence until it reached present-day industry.

There is a principle in modern economics known as the "economy of higher wages." In effect, it means that if you treat your employees as Robert Owen did, you will save money in the long run because they will work far better.

Today it is the big driving force behind American industry. The idea has been taken up in Britain and the British Empire.

Man of Action

But this is only the beginning of the remarkable social experiments inspired by Owen all those years ago. Mr. Cole unfolds Owen's story with something of the novelist's sense of drama, and all the economist's penetration. This is not altogether unexpected, because he has already written detective novels and many popular books on economics.

He succeeds in blending the two techniques very skilfully in these essays. He recreates the man of ideas in Owen and the man of action.

What action it was! A person never put down by failure, always ready to try again, "endlessly and fatuously hopeful and sure of success."

He put forward the idea of "villages of co-operation" to take the place of the dole. They were to be modelled on his own establishment at New Lanark. He believed that men could be remade by the conditions in which they lived. He set out to prove it.

He disliked the Christian idea of individual responsibility, because it led men to lay the blame for social misfortunes on individual sinfulness, rather than on bad social conditions.

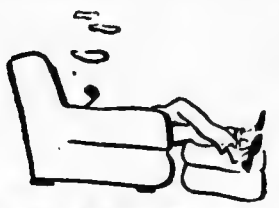
Lost Several Fortunes

He made and lost several fortunes. He lived and wrote voluminously. At the ripe old age of eighty-seven he was still pouring out his creed in books and pamphlets.

Cole sums up that creed like this: "He held that, if the basic unit of society came to be a small co-operative group working not for individual profit, but for common service, this would effect a fundamental change in men's character and remove all danger of class rivalries within communities, or of war."

It is years since Robert Owen died. But many of the ideas he introduced are only now passing into common circulation.

To-day, he is often quoted in the House of Commons. There is a move afoot to start a new Owen Society. Lecturers by the dozen call up his ghost. He may be dead in the flesh, but his ideas go on developing. We still have a lot to learn from—one of those bores who are the salt of the earth.



WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

You could hardly expect anyone like Hezekiah Shuffiebeam, my Constant Reader, to let Christmas go by without getting something off his chest (34 in., by the way). He seems to have been brooding on seasonable subjects, and here is his latest letter:

Christmas Letter

I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY of wishing you a happy Christmas and brighter ideas in the New Year. I am writing this from my sister's, where I have come to stay for the festive season.

I hope you have got a turkey for Christmas. We have. My brother-in-law got it in a Light Gray Market. He bought it at the controlled price, but had to give a man £5 for getting it.

I managed to get a bottle of British port-style wine-type sherry. The label says it contains 1 per cent. cider. It cost 25s. But my motto is: "Give pleasure to others," so I shall stick to beer.

My sister is going to give me one of those new fountain-pens with a ball-bearing point. They advertise that it will write under water, so it should be a useful present for a mermaid.

WHAT A YEAR IT HAS BEEN! Two Peace Days and the atom bomb, it makes you think.

Quite a time ago they said that almost any country could solve the secret of the atom bomb within six months. That time must be nearly up by now. So unless America is going to use the bomb in the next month or so, there doesn't seem much point in hanging on to the secret.

I can't understand high finance or I would tell you all about this American loan. It seems that when we have got it we shall be prosperous enough to buy American goods.

These goods seem to be mostly electric toasters and refrigerators. I'd rather have steak and chips.

And then this gold standard—well, I don't understand that either. But when you see some of the people who are against it, it makes you think it must be a good thing.

Some people said that if we didn't get the loan we should have more austerity and higher taxes. It seems to me that putting more austerity and more taxes on this country would be like adding a pencil moustache to a picture of Joe Stalin.

I AM GLAD TO SAY that the crime wave has not affected me yet. My sister says we might all be murdered in our beds. I told her she had better sleep under the kitchen table like she did during the blitz.

But you can't wonder at this crime wave when you consider that some of the boys who are that way inclined have come back from Germany. They don't feel at home in a country where you can't buy watches and things for cigarettes, and even if you could you can't get the cigarettes.

Well, as I write this, it looks like being another green Christmas. Someone told me that Charles Dickens, who thought of White Christmases long before Bing Crosby, never saw snow fall on Christmas Day in all his life. Which just shows you what imagination can do.

And talking of imagination, what about those millions of oranges, tons of nuts and thousands of gallons of drink that were to arrive for Christmas?

"Pardon," he said as he knocked the fat man's hat on the floor

ILLUSTRATED BY TURRALL

Miracle at THE CROWN

The fat man with money to invest surveyed The Crown. It was dead. A bad proposition. Inside, Sally hoped for a miracle to save the old pub from bankruptcy. A miracle happened —but not the one she expected

by ELISABETH FORD

OVER THE MARKET SQUARE the sky was a deep blue, with a smudge of cloud brushed across it. The sunshine was so bright on the empty square and the houses around that it made them look as if somebody had just washed them, the shadows indigo over the cobbles that broke the old pavements.

The houses were packed so tightly together that they seemed dependent on each other for support; you felt, looking at them, that if one were to be accidentally moved the rest would fall down. The grey pigeons moved their little scarlet feet delicately as they strutted on the square, unafraid because nothing ever moved there quickly enough to startle them.

Opposite the Shamrock Tea Rooms, sandwiched between the red brick of the Sartorus Brewery and the green paint of Mr. Mason's offices, the Crown was dazzlingly white. From this distance it was not possible to see that the paint was dingy and peeling off; you could only observe that its uneven old roof was more mellow than its neighbour's, and that there was a blurred shape dimly resembling a crown spreadeagled over the door.

The fat man in the pin-striped suit settled himself more comfortably on the wheel-backed chair in his corner of the Shamrock Tea Rooms and scowled thoughtfully at the Crown.

It was early closing day in the town and the tea-rooms were nearly empty. A great many of the regulars had gone home for lunch to-day, and there was not a great deal on the menu. The proprietress did not cater for Wednesday custom. She sent her assistant, little Miss Pym, to ask the fat man what he would have, and Miss Pym stood in front of him in her unbecoming red smock, her mouse-coloured hair hanging straight round her thin face, while she recited the bill of fare breathlessly, her adenoids very pronounced.

"Baked-beans-on-toast, Welsh rarebit, there may be some bacon but I don't think there are any sausages, but Mrs. Brigson says she can make you an omelette with dried eggs if you can wait."

The fat man listened to the recital with disgust.

"Anything else?" he asked when she paused. "No soup?"

"Sorry, sir. No soup."

"No fish?"

Again she shook her head.

"Then I suppose I'd better have a Welsh rarebit. And coffee. And a roll and butter."

She went to give his order, and he returned to his contemplation of the Crown. Presently the door of the tea-rooms opened and a small man with ginger hair and no chin to speak of came in and sat down at the next table.

"Pardon," he said, as he knocked the fat man's hat on to the floor. He picked it up, dusted it, and hung it on the peg next to his own. The introduction was sufficient. The fat man said slowly:

"Trade doesn't seem exactly brisk in these parts."

The small man laughed.

"DEAD FROM THE NECK up most days. That's up. Except on Wednesdays. Then we're dead all over." He nodded at the fat man. "You're a stranger here?"

"I am." The fat man's eyes went back to the Crown. "That the only pub you've got?"

"Lord love you, no. There was a time, mind you, when it was the best in the town, but that was when the old lady was alive. It's gone down hill a lot since she died. And then, of course, Bob Fowler did it a lot of harm when he built the Four Feathers. You'd have passed that if you came by train. Big, modern building on the corner of the High Street."

"Maybe I did," said the fat man.

"What little trade there was naturally went to Bob after that," said the little man confidentially. "The Crown used to cater for visitors and holiday traffic, and so on; good plain food and good value for your money, and no frills. You know. But Bob soon stopped all that. Undercut their prices something cruel and put running water in all his bedrooms. The old lady she never did take any notice.

"'Quality tells in the long run,' she says, and when Bob offered to buy her out she ups and shows him the door."

He shook his head. "It was a pity to make an enemy of the chap. And then, as I said, she died, and her niece has never stood a chance. Not a dog's chance. Has she, Miss Pym?" he added as Mrs. Brigson's assistant came up breathless with the fat man's Welsh rarebit, ran back to get a knife and fork, and then ran back again to fetch coffee and rolls.

"What's that, Mr. Perkins?" she asked. "The Crown? Oh, Mr. Perkins, you are awful! As though I'd know!"

"No," said Mr. Perkins. "You don't know much, and that's a fact."

Miss Pym, strangely enough, appeared to take this as a compliment.

"Is it the usual for you, Mr. Perkins?" she asked.

"That's right. Beans-on, roll and butt, and so on, etcetera," said Mr. Perkins. "I was telling this gentleman that the Crown had gone downhill since the old lady's death."

The laughter faded from Miss Pym's kind little face.

"Poor Sally," she said. "If only that Bill of theirs hadn't gone as he did she'd have made a go of it, Bob Fowler or no Bob Fowler. It was after Bill went that it started to go downhill, Mr. Perkins. The old lady's death just finished it off."

"What I can't understand," said Mr. Perkins, "is her aunt leaving things in such a mess. They tell me," he said confidentially to the fat man, "they tell me there was over a thousand in debts."

"SALLY WOULD HAVE pulled round if Bill had been there," said little Miss Pym with great simplicity. "Don't ask me how, because I don't know. But she would. There is something about Bill that's worth all the Bob Fowlers in the world." And then she went off to attend to Mr. Perkins' order.

"What happened to Bill?" asked the fat man.

"Merchant Navy," said Mr. Perkins laconically. "Missing. Somewhere in the Pacific. *You* know."

The fat man did not know but he could guess. His eyes left the Crown and went to the windows of the tea-rooms, where bowls of flowers now took the place of the home-made cakes that had been for sale there in happier days. Blue lupins, red popples, and white daisies had been arranged there by Mrs. Brigson that morning in a praiseworthy effort to draw attention to the fact that Victory Year was not yet over. The sight did nothing to encourage the fat man; he had never seen any money in flowers.

"It is past twelve," he said. "I have been watching that pub for the last half-hour and not a soul has even gone in for a drink."

"I expect Sally's out of beer," said Mr. Perkins with a rueful shake of his head. "She finds it difficult to get any these days, with all those debts outstanding. People want paying on the nail."

"No credit, hey?"

"None at all. And the last lot of stuff she had in was terrible. Not beer at all."

Miss Pym came back with Mr. Perkins' order.

"It would be very difficult for anyone to pull such a place together, I imagine," said the fat man.

"Only a miracle could do it," said Mr. Perkins. "And you don't meet with miracles these days. Not often you don't."

He was wrong. A miracle happened to be sitting opposite him at that very moment, but he did not recognise it because it was dressed in a pin-striped suit.

OVER IN THE CROWN, Sally sat in the big kitchen quite alone, trying to add up nine shillings and sixpence and make it come to fifteen shillings. She said at last with a sigh, giving up the unequal struggle:

"It's no good. I *must* have spent that . . . but I didn't think I did."

Then, with a sick feeling of panic taking hold on her again, she looked at the clock and from the clock to the letter lying open on the table in front of her.

"I will call on you at twelve o'clock," the letter said. "I think possibly we might be able to come to terms. I have some money to invest, and if, as you say, your business is an old-established and flourishing concern, I would have no objection to considering it seriously. If it is still available by the time this letter reaches you, kindly notify me by return."

She had let him know by return, smiling rather bitterly because he had evidently thought there would be competition for the purchase of the Crown and knowing nothing of mortgages and the awful debts that poor Auntie had left behind. She had posted the letter herself, so that he must have got it. And it was now nearly half-past twelve and he had not come.

The old clock ticked away ponderously from its place on the wall, the hollyhocks tapped with their pretty faces against the window outside, as if telling her to give over worrying for a moment and take a look at the little courtyard that she had always called her "garden," and the breeze shook the back door so that the latch rattled as if somebody were there, just about to come in.

Sally ate her bread and cheese slowly, her eyes filling with exasperated tears. She had set so much store on this appointment; it had seemed like a miracle when she answered that advertisement: "Wanted, an old-fashioned hotel in a country town. Must be well-established and progressive. . . ."

Nobody could have said that the Crown was not well-established. Everybody knew it, had known it all their lives—perhaps knew it too well. But she had written boldly, knowing that the advertiser could save her, thinking that Heaven had sent him to give her the freedom she wanted. Freedom from debt, and freedom from Bob Fowler.

She could not go on here; Bob had made that fully evident. She must sell out sooner or later, and there was not

a soul in the town who would give her enough to settle half her aunt's debts. They wouldn't allow her credit any more and she could not blame them. She would not allow credit to herself, knowing her financial status at the moment. Only one person could have saved her, and he would not come back again.

Sally's thoughts shied away from Bill. There were some things still that you could not bear to think about, and among them was that last time when he stood there by the door nearly a year ago, and she had been shelling peas at the table here, and they had been alone for a blessed moment. He had stared at her as if trying to make up his mind about something, and then he had come quickly to her with his firm, light footstep, and he had taken her face gently in his hands, and he had stooped and kissed her, warm and deep. And then he had said:

"I guess that won't hurt you much, Sally girl. And if I don't come back remember this: I love you."

He did not come back, and she had always remembered. She knew now that she could never forget. She thought wildly: "If you had come back we'd have got through somehow. You'd have made them trust me . . . you'd have beaten Bob at his own game. . . . Oh, Bill, Bill! Why did they have to take you?"

It wasn't easy to face people that you owed money to; they were very kind and very nice, but they didn't like it. You could see it in their faces. You wanted to cut down a side street when you saw them coming; you felt you just couldn't hold your head up any more. A thousand pounds or a thousand pence, it was all the same to you. You hadn't anything to pay them with. You hadn't anything at all . . . except yourself.

Again her thoughts shied, frightened, and her lips went dry.

Bob Fowler had a way of looking at you as if you were something good to eat. He had a soft way of speaking, a way that suddenly turned ugly if he did not get what he wanted.

"Keep on the right side of me," he said, "and I'll do anything for you. But I won't be crossed! See?"

Sally saw all right.

"Look here, your aunt left a packet of money owing. I'm ready to settle these debts, every one of them, and never cast it up at you neither. I can't say fairer than that, can I? You've only to say the word."

"And if I don't?"

He had laughed then, and it was not a pleasant sound.

"Then business is business, Sally, and I'll break you. I swear it." He had laughed again, confidently. "But it won't come to that. You'll be a sensible girl, I know. I'm not an ogre, Sally, and I swear I'll treat you right."

Well, maybe he would. She said: "I'll think it over, Bob. I don't know what to say."

"Tell you what. I'll call for you next Wednesday and we'll go to the flicks. You can give me your answer then."

He'd be calling in a couple of hours' time, and she would have to say Yes, if she wanted to hold up her head again in the town. Because she had banked on a miracle, and the miracle had not happened.

IN THE SHAMROCK TEA ROOMS on the opposite side of the square Mr. Perkins finished his "beans-on" and got up.

"Well, so long," he said cheerfully. "Back to the old treadmill."

The fat man got up also and reached for his hat.

"Are you likely to be staying here?" asked Mr. Perkins. "If you are, look me up some time. You'll always find me at the Council Offices in the High Street. They don't give us Wednesdays off."

"Go on with you, Mr. Perkins," said little Miss Pym. "It's all Wednesdays with you."

The fat man took a last look through the windows at the Crown, and once again he did not see the blue sky or the uneven roof or the pigeons or the sunshine on the square. He only saw a derelict hotel in a sleepy, back-water town, and he saw that there was no money in it for him.

"No," he said, smiling at Mr. Perkins, "I don't think I shall be staying here."

And then he paid his bill to Mrs. Brigson at the cash-desk and went back to the station. On the way he passed Bob Fowler's new square building, with its large modern windows, its spacious garage, and its general air of prosperity and hustle, and he admired it wholeheartedly. "Now there," he told himself, "is a man with a future." He would have got on well with Mr. Fowler.

The station was quite as dead as the market square. A few hens cackling in a coop, a few bullocks in a pen outside waiting to be collected, a thin young man with a suitcase, looking in his shabby suit like an underfed commercial traveller: this was all the life that the London platform boasted. The London train was in, and apparently the young man with the suitcase was the only passenger who had got out of it.

"No," said the fat man aloud. "You'd be a fool if you put your money into this, my lad."

"Into what?" asked the ticket collector, surprised in the act of clipping his return ticket.

"Pardon," said the fat man smiling. "I was thinking aloud. I was going to invest a little money, but I've changed my mind. I've made some inquiries, and I think it pays, don't you. To make inquiries, I mean?"

"Well, that depends," said the ticket collector. He jerked his head at the young man with the suitcase. "Reckon he didn't make any, and neither did a good many more. They just saw what they had to do, and they did it."

The fat man looked blank.

"Oh?" he said.

"Returned P.O.W.," said the ticket collector. "You can always tell them. Some of them look well, but there's a tired, old look about them. I reckon they're a lot older than you and me'll ever be."

The fat man looked with no interest at the young man.

"Germany?" he asked, but only because the ticket collector seemed to expect it. The man seemed to be absurdly proud of the returned prisoner.

"No," said the ticket collector. "Japan. There's luck, if you like. Well, as I said to him just now, I said, 'It's better to be born lucky than rich.'"

The fat man went on and got into the train.

THE THIN YOUNG MAN took up his suitcase and walked through the empty streets of a Wednesday early closing day.

It did not matter to him that the shops were shut. He did not want to buy anything, except perhaps a bunch of flowers; he only wanted to look at each one as he passed to make sure that it was still there, that the streets still looked the same, that it was all just as he had left it.

And as he walked he didn't see a back-water town, a town in which it was not possible for people, unless they were Bob Fowlers, to make money; he even spared a pitying smile for the Four Feathers as he passed. He only saw a bit of England that he knew as well as he knew his own soul, and to him it was worth a king's ransom.

He came into the market square at last and he saw the blue sky over it, and the cloud brushed so tenderly into the blue. He saw the sunshine so bright and so dazzling that it hurt his eyes, and he saw the whitewashed Crown huddled between its neighbours, and the cat that started to wash itself on the step, and the pigeons' little scarlet feet as they strutted here and there.

And to the thin young man it was the most perfect place on earth; it was the goal that he had reached unbelievably, after months when he had thought he would never see it again. He was a man reprieved, and only then did he know how sweet life was, how near he had been to death.

He went through the archway where the coaches used to go centuries before, and he came to the back door and the hollyhocks that bent their graceful heads in an ecstasy of welcome.

"Well," they seemed to say, "fancy seeing you!"

He smiled at them and put down his case and put his hand on the latch of the door.

"Bother the wind!" thought Sally on the other side of the door. "How it does rattle that old latch!"

And then he opened the door, and there she was, in her dress as blue as the sky, but with her sweet mouth with an unaccustomed droop to it and shadowed sadness in her blue eyes.

"Well, Sal," he said huskily. "Don't you know me, girl?"

He heard her gasp and then he saw the stars that leapt into her eyes behind the sudden rush of tears.

"Bill," she whispered. "Oh, Bill! . . . . It isn't you . . . is it? I'm dreaming . . . Oh, Bill, my darling . . . you've come back!"

"Yes," he said, "I've come back."

He tried to smile at her but for once the smile would not come. He held out his arms to her instead and she went into them; and the breeze from the open door took the fat man's letter and the nightmare that had been Bob Fowler and swept them both into the hearth.

The miracle had happened.

IMMORTAL—AND WHY —————— by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

Marlborough

Figuring as a youth at the Court of Charles II, "Handsome Jack" Churchill became a favourite of the Duchess of Cleveland. He pocketed £4,500, and this sum, judiciously invested, was the beginning of the largest private fortune in Europe.

This likely lad took to soldiering. Tangiers and Flanders were practice grounds; the crushing of Monmouth's Rebellion was chiefly his work, and presently the world recognised in him a military genius. He was created Duke of Marlborough, and a grateful Parliament voted him possession of Woodstock Manor and built him Blenheim Palace.

The fame of Wellington alone matches that of Marlborough. He never besieged a fortress that he did not take, nor fought a battle that he did not win. There have been armchair generals. Marlborough, in person, led cavalry charges at Blenheim and Ramillies.

He had, meantime, married. His marriage with Sarah Jennings was privately a success and politically a triumph till she, who had gained complete ascendancy over weak-willed Queen Anne, threw away her position by sheer violence of that temper from which poor Vanbrugh, architect of Blenheim Palace, suffered so bitterly.

As a man of action, as commander in the field, Marlborough stands beyond reproach. If at times in reading the tremendous phrases of Winston Churchill's *Marlborough* one feels that a defensive battle is being fought on paper, it is not Marlborough the soldier who is, or needs to be, defended. It is Marlborough the money-grubber.

Even in money-grubbing he was debonair. Even when finally he fell into senile decay he was a dignified old gentleman. He was still "Handsome Jack" Churchill.

WHY WASTE THE COLONIES?

A REMARKABLE REPORT has just been published in London. In it is a photograph of a small hut, made of leaves, against a background of squalor. Some, but not all, of those inhabiting it are shown in the picture; I counted four grown-ups and fourteen children.

The place where that photograph was taken is a British colony which has been ruled direct from Whitehall for over three hundred years. The Royal Commission on the West Indies, whose report this is, paints a dreadful picture of the poverty, ignorance and disease to be found in the islands, which Lloyd George once called "the slums of the Empire." I am a West Indian, and know how scandalously true it is.

Such facts about the Colonies used to be known only to a few in this country. To-day many British homes have someone who has served maybe in Freetown or Bathurst, in West Africa, in Kenya or Malta or Ceylon or Singapore. The Empire is more closely linked to-day than ever before.

The soldier soon discovered how we had neglected the Colonies. He found the roads so bad and so few that moving about meant heavy foot-slogging, with the temperature at 90 degrees or more. Unless he was in one of the few large towns, water was difficult to get, and had to be boiled. Vast populous tracts of country had no telephone.

He found the natives friendly and curious, but so poor and so uneducated that exchange of ideas was difficult. A little thought, and the soldier soon realised what it cost him that we had done so little.

Sixty million people live in British colonies in various parts of the world. Sixty million means that Britain and the Colonies together have well over 100,000,000 souls, not counting India and the white Dominions. That's a pretty big unit, even in these days.

If we had developed the resources of the Colonies and educated their peoples, Hitler would have had to think hard before challenging so powerful a unit. The Russians will tell you that they won precisely because they developed the millions of backward peoples inherited from the Russian Empire.

They Met the Challenge

As it was, the Colonies rallied round splendidly when the challenge came. They sent money, and, more important, they sent, voluntarily, men. Over 20,000 crossed the seas from my small West Indies alone, and several times that number from Africa fought gallantly and voluntarily first in the African campaigns and then in Burma.

More were willing than could be used. In East Africa the Army had to start from scratch with its recruits, teaching them to read, to count, to use the everyday tools, to work in a trade. The speed with which a raw African from the Bush could be turned into a literate and intelligent wireless mechanic surprised the Army. How much humanity just runs to waste!

And the Colonies sent us materials as well as men. We have drunk Barbados sugar in Ceylon tea or Nigerian cocoa, followed by a pipeful of Nyassaland tobacco. Our ships have run on oil from Trinidad.

The aluminium in our 'planes has come from British Guiana or the Gold Coast. Sierra Leone sent iron ores to replace the Swedish ores we could no longer get. Rubber, cotton, vegetable oils and fats, timber—it is a long list.

It would be longer still if we had developed the resources at our disposal. We paid the penalty for our neglect during the war, and we shall continue to pay for a long time to come.

The Colonies, *if they were developed*, could sell to Britain most of what we need from America without the financial complications.

We are warned that we shall have a hard

The appalling conditions of our Colonies have cost thousands of British lives. Hitler knew we could not use all the manpower of the Empire. To-day resources and potential purchasing power are shamefully wasted, says ARTHUR LEWIS

time looking for customers to take our exports. Well, if we developed the Colonies and raised their purchasing power they could buy more than we could sell.

The trouble is that we have left our Colonies very much to chance. Private adventurers have gone out, sometimes for love of excitement, sometimes because they couldn't fit in at home, sometimes because the country was getting too hot. . . .

Out there, maybe, they stumbled on a mineral and opened up a mine. Maybe not. We have never systematically surveyed the mineral resources of the Colonies. Whenever a scientist potters about he finds something, like the iron in Sierra Leone or the bauxite in the Gold Coast, which have just proved so useful.

Maybe the pioneer got land and started a plantation in rubber or sugar or so. Or perhaps he taught the natives themselves to grow new crops for sale West Africans taught themselves how to grow cocoa, and Jamaicans how to grow bananas, but there are several crops the peasants grow, like rubber or good quality cotton, only because they had been taught.

Make no mistake: some development has certainly begun. There are more roads, schools, hospitals, farms, mines, harbours, and what not than there were sixty years ago More in some Colonies than in others—Trinidad is a pretty modern spot, while the Gambia remains a hole.

Pioneers Won Through

All glory to the pioneers, the doctors, the missionaries, the teachers, farmers, miners and others, some of whom have given their lives in trying conditions!

It has begun. But it certainly hasn't made anything like the progress it should have made in the time. Britain has a long way to go to discharge her full responsibility.

The old "leave it to chance" system won't do any more. Britain needs the Colonies to stand by her as strong, developed partners, and needs them now. Neither will the Colonies themselves stand for the old ideas. Native peoples are tired of leading-strings. They want to develop, and develop rapidly, and they say so decisively: Java is the warning.

We could, if we tried, double the standard of living in Nigeria in twenty years. (Even this would only raise the average pay packet from about seven bob a week to fourteen—in twenty years' time!) And to do even this we should need a vigorous development plan

Parliament has begun to take an interest. £130,000,000, spread over ten years, has now been voted for colonial development, and all the Colonial Governors are now sending in their plans for spending their share. Take a look at some of these plans.

Education comes off best, as it must Nothing can be done without mass education, using the word in the widest sense to include education in hygiene or better agriculture or in the arts of administration, no less than the ability to read and write, which is the key to all other education. The Russians boast that they turned 90 per cent. illiteracy into 90 per cent literacy in twenty years. We could do it, too, if we tried

The leeway is immense. The colony with the largest proportion of children in school is the West Indies where the schools have room only for about half the children In Nigeria there is room for only one child in ten. Plans for more schools and for mass adult education are well to the fore

Some people are surprised to hear that universities are to be built. They are needed, among other things, to train those who will teach.

Money Must Be Spent

All the social services are well represented in the plans A great deal of money is to be spent on medical services, on housing, and on welfare work of various kinds The snag is that Parliament's £130,000,000 could be spent on such services in a year, and still leave a yawning gap.

Real progress depends on improving the economic position of the Colonies themselves, so that they can support their own social services. The Colonies don't want to be put on the dole; they want to be made self-supporting

With this goes teaching the people to use their resources better Getting scientific ideas across to the small farmers Inventing cheap tools specially suitable for them. Persuading them to co-operate.

This last is the biggest and most difficult of all. The peasants, with their two or three acres of land, must learn to pool it and to work co-operatively in larger and more economic units.

Many officials find this hard to swallow; it savours too much of Russian collectivism for their *laissez-faire* likings, and very little is being done towards it. Yet a remodelling of the scale on which the peasants work is one of the most important reforms we have to achieve.

Another problem the officials are not keen to tackle is over-population. Most of the Colonies are under-populated, but there are some depressing exceptions—most of the West Indies and parts of Nigeria among them.

Getting large numbers of people to move and resettling them is no easy job. The alternative is to set up industries for the surplus agricultural population, and that isn't popular either, because you can't start industries from scratch in a very backward area without a great deal of Government assistance and guidance. Old *laissez-faire* still lingers in a lot of important official corners.

The responsibility rests with the Colonial Office in Downing Street. It has lagged behind enlightened public opinion, both here and in the Colonies themselves.

In the Colonies there has been a wall of hostility between educated natives and their governments. The natives have resented the colour bar and the superior attitudes of their rulers; they have wanted the officials to move faster and to produce real plans for development. They feel they could do more to help themselves if given responsibility.

But the main responsibility must remain here for many years. The Colonies need help. At the moment they need mostly trained men. Very many good plans are being held up because the trained people are not there to carry them out. The challenge to Britain is there: will her people take it up?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM COLDS

. . . here is a suggestion

Take two Serocalcin tablets daily, for thirty consecutive days. If your general level of health is reasonably good you can then look forward to three to four months *immunity* from colds.

A 30-day course of Serocalcin must necessarily be an experiment; but it is an experiment that is usually successful because most people "respond" to Serocalcin, which is thought to act by stimulating the *natural* resistive capacity of the body against invading organisms that cause colds. Your Doctor or Chemist will tell you more about—

SEROCALCIN

for the prevention and treatment of the common cold

★

Serocalcin is made by Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford. A 60-tablet pack of Serocalcin, for the immunization course, costs 8/5½. A 20-tablet pack, to treat existing colds, costs 3/4½. Both prices include Tax.

LYNDOE'S Year Book for 1946

☆

This volume forms the sixth of Mr. Lyndoe's now famous Year Books.

As usual he gives direct statements about 1946—the first year of peace—and by a new arrangement of matter has included far more material than usual.

The result is the most compact, most informative, and least expensive work of its kind.

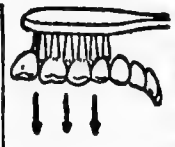
Paper. F'cap 8vo. 2s. 6d. net

Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd.
44, Museum Street, London, W.C.1

How to brush your teeth

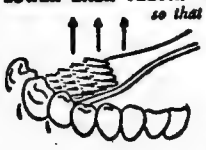
(No. 3 OF A SERIES. *Cut it out and keep it*)

Food caught in cracks and crevices is the usual cause of decay. Microbes are bred which destroy protective enamel. Bad teeth often cause ill-health. Correct brushing is your best protection.



UPPER BACK TEETH *Never brush "backwards and forwards" (along the line of the jaw-bone). Place bristles lightly on gum just above tooth line—twist the wrist and sweep bristles "downwards" over teeth as shown by arrows.*

TWIST THE WRIST *When brushing lower teeth twist the wrist and sweep bristles "upwards." For upper teeth twist the wrist and sweep bristles "downwards." Arrows show track bristles should follow.*



LOWER BACK TEETH. *Hold brush handle so that it projects beneath the nose. Use brisk "pull up" strokes as shown by arrows. Practice makes it easy. 6 strokes.*

ALWAYS—Use an unwetted toothbrush. Clean your teeth last thing at night and after breakfast. Keep at least two toothbrushes—use them alternately. Visit your dentist regularly.

USE YOUR *Wisdom* WISELY REGD.

MADE BY ADDIS LTD., MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780

LUCKY THIRTEEN

"Don't talk to me. I'm furious."
"*What, with me?*"
"No, with a bus-a No. 13 too. It just threw a puddle at me-and look at my stockings."
"*You've time to wash them, dear.*"
"Time yes, but what in? These stockings are precious."
"*I've got some Sylvan.*"
"Don't be silly, you can't buy a packet of Sylvan these days - or can you?"
"*Of course you can buy Sylvan. It's sold loose now but you must ask for it by name.*"
"It's worth getting wet to know that. Maybe 13 is my lucky number after all."

SYLVAN FLAKES

NOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS.

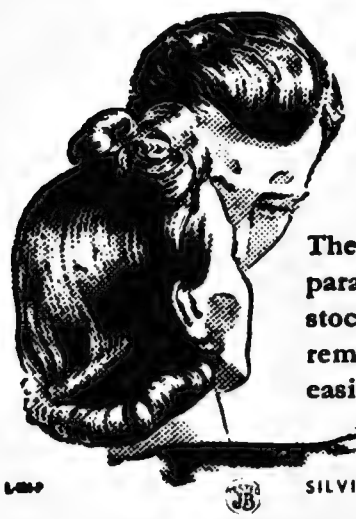
6219

SOFT . . :
SOFTER : : .

SOFTEX
TOILET TISSUE

HYGIENIC
ECONOMICAL

A SWAN MILL PRODUCT,
LONDON, W.1.



Silvikrin

for HAIR HEALTH

The demand for Silvikrin preparations is greater than the stocks available and is likely to remain so until conditions are easier. So use Silvikrin carefully—make it go as far as possible.

SILVIKRIN LABORATORIES, LONDON, N.10
Sorry, no orders by post, Please.

For deepdown Inner Cleanliness, take Andrews regularly—not necessarily every day but as often as the system needs its health-giving aid. See how Andrews cleanses:

FIRST . . . Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT . . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN . . . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY for Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels, relieves constipation and purifies the blood.

When days are cold many prefer Andrews with the chill off

ANDREWS
THE IDEAL FORM OF LAXATIVE

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

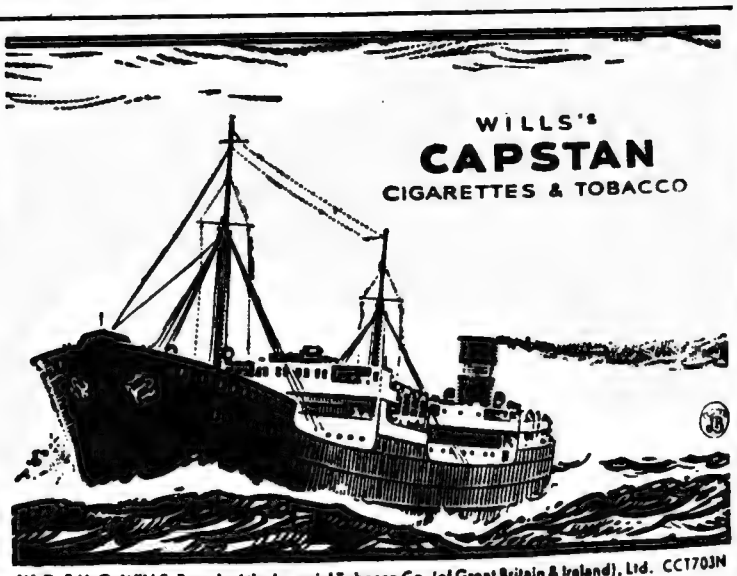
(67-14*)

Solidox keeps your teeth wonderfully white. But it does more than that! It contains Ricinoleate, the gentle ingredient which removes ugly tartar and prevents it reforming. That is why Solidox makes your teeth white back *and* front.

Obtainable at Chemists, Grocers and Stores **1/-** (INC. TAX)

Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD.

SOL 102-943



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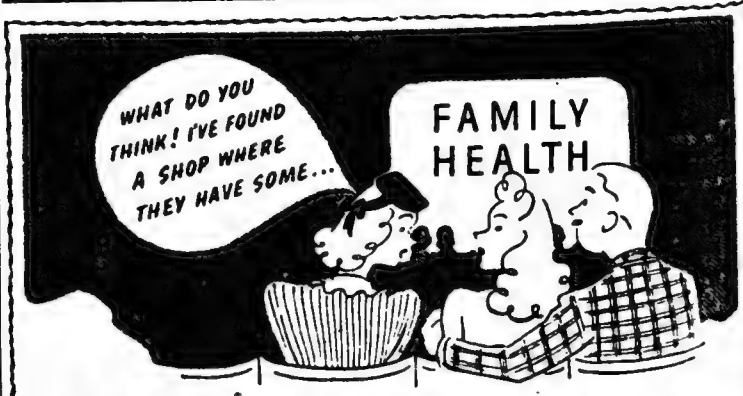


FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

Cleans - and protects

Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD.

KH 106-861

Pastime Page

MORE WORK FOR POSTMEN

DOES that loan of £1,100,000,000 make you slightly dizzy? Does the Bretton Woods plan leave you groping in the undergrowth?

Well, you are not alone. But here is some simple news about money, good news which everybody can grasp in a flash. With the launching of next week's big New Year Offers, all *John Bull's* competition prizes will be *prizes in cash!*

We aim in 1946 to give the Thursday morning postmen even more than the 60,000 awards they delivered to readers in 1945. And this New Year Campaign starts next week with an increased Crossword Offer and the thrilling sum of £1,000 in cash for *Bullets*.

Meanwhile, go to it with your coupons below, for the Old Year's final 100 cheques are waiting to be won.

3,860 Epigrams!

In response to scores of requests for lists of past winning *Bullets* as a guide to success in 1946, here is a New Year Offer.

To immediate applicants we can supply a 32-page collection of war-time *Bullets* comprising 3,860 winners. These *Bulletin* Supplements are a veritable War History in epigrams, compiled by our readers.

Sorry, but we have no space for a coupon. Simply apply on plain paper to *Bullets Bulletin*, Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2, enclosing crossed 1s. 6d. P.O. payable to *John Bull*. And apply quickly, for this New Year Offer closes on Monday, January 7.

Woman £500 Winner

MANY are the troubles which we grumble about to-day. But are they really so big beside the growing wealth of blessings which are ours to enjoy and look forward to? And of man's many blessings, are there any greater than his little ones?

Now see those thoughts in *Bullets* form—in the form which won £500 First Prize (Contest 1,507) for Miss B. L. Pearce, 152, Kinson Road, East Howe, Bournemouth: Mankind's Blessings — The "Little Cusses" Emphasise.

Second Prize of £25: Happier World—No Enemies To Love! (*P. Smith, 52, Ogilvie Terrace, Edinburgh*); Third Prize, £10: Baffled Less—Had I "Battled" More. (*H. A. Shields, Skillington-Grantham, Lincs*).

Other Winners:

Happier World — Before Speed "Crept In." (*£8, D. M. Sinclair, Broom Lodge, Kilmacolm, Renfrewshire*); Mankind's Blessings —Uncounted—Man Too "Calculating." (*£8, F. J. Smith, St. Magnus, Birkhill, Nr. Dundee*); On The Table—"Trophies" Of Mother's "Hunt." (*£6, W. C. Bass, 45, Harbord St., Fulham, S.W.6*); One Family—One Room —Wan Family. (*£6, J. Taylor, 565, Aldridge Rd., Birmingham*); Spectre Of To-morrow—Ghost Of Yesterday's Opportunity. (*£6, J. E. Harris, Sutton, Nr. Stalham*); Left And Right—Timber—Dad's Repairing Mouse-trap! (*£4, F. Shaw, 14, Townley St., Colne, Lancs*); Plan For Progress—Delayed—"Priority" Stamp Missing! (*£4, W. H. Dormer, 35, Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield, Staffs*); Pretty Grim—Prospect, Peace And *Austerity*. (*£4, W. R. Crow, 10, Lichfield Avenue, Mansfield, Notts*); Spectre Of Fear—Still Rapping Conference Table. (*£4, Mrs. C. Thomas, Glyn Cottage, Belmont Road, Bangor, Caerns*).

Notification to 4 winners of £3, 4 of £2 and 80 of £1 (list at these offices) have been posted—also 1,500 Merit Awards.

Rules of Contests

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

GILBERT WILKINSON ILLUSTRATES A "BULLET"

Favouritism—Sergeant Omitted Two Adjectives!

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets* —no free extra entries now permitted. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O., make payable to *John Bull*, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contest in *John Bull* dated Jan. 26, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

CLUES FOR £100 CROSSWORD

HERE is another fine opportunity to capture a big prize in *John Bull's* famous common-sense Crossword. Complete the Square below carefully and be sure to post your entry in time.

Another £100 Xword First must be won, as well as prizes value £25 for Runners-up. Fine 4-lb. Fruit Cakes are added to every prize value 5s. or more.

Across

1. Railings in public places are sometimes this
2. Angler who's had no luck is likely to do this
5. Advertisement that doesn't do this is useless
9. Often like stables
10. It's a pity if one is allowed to go off through carelessness
11. There are people who never take a long drive without this
12. With regard to this, we should avoid unnecessary consumption

Down

1. Those of opposing team may put your goal in some danger
2. Way through these may occasionally get completed blocked
3. At times you may expect one to act as a cushion
4. Strong one won't always do the trick
6. To enter these makes most people rather nervous
7. Housewife sometimes has to make one to be in time for dinner
8. Strong sunlight has bad effect on weak ones

Xword 459 Result

WINNING WORDS. Across: 1. Falls. 3. Grip. 6. Play. 8. Beer. 9. Well. 12. Sports. 13. Fat. Down: 1. Fare. 2. Shade or Shake. 4. Rood. 5. Peers. 7. Eye. 10. Lift. 11. Jest.

TWO £100 SHARERS: R. H., Whiting, 9, Wimbledon St., Northampton. Pte. F., Woolford, 10, Babingley Drive, Leicester.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 57 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive 4-lb. Fruit Cakes in addition.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

BRAVE NEW WORLD
PEACE IS PRECIOUS, SO
ALL NATIONS
PARLIAMENTARY WARFARE
BRITAIN'S DEBT
WON'T DO
TO END THE QUEUES
KEY MEN
ROUND THE CORNER
GIRL OF HIS DREAMS
GOLDEN ADVICE
HE'S A HERO, SO
PRICE WE PAY
WASTED HOURS
SEEMS INCREDIBLE
IN AUNTIE'S WARDROBE

100 Cheques Waiting

First Prize, £200; Second, £25; Third, £10; 2 of £8; 3 of £6; 4 of £4; 4 of £3; 4 of £2; 80 of £1; 1,000 Merit Awards.

All the above 100 Cheques will reach winners on Thursday, January 24.

KNOWING HER
SONNY'S BIKE
BEYOND A JOKE
AT ONE FELL SWOOP

INCOMPLETE "EXAMPLES"
See instructions.

SHADOW OF.....
GETTING.....
LIKELY TO.....
DISGUSTED .....
ALL .....WANTS
SHE'D BE.....IF

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" 1,510 (or XWORD 462), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

HOW TO ENTER FOR "JOHN BULL'S" £100 XWORD

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

ENTRY FEE—6d.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d., to cover also cost of printing, despatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated Jan. 26. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper list of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

No.....

462 Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 7.

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

ENCLOSE 6d. for 2 "BULLETS"—1s. for 4—EXTRAS, SAME RATE.

EXAMPLE
.....
BULLET
_____
EXAMPLE
.....
BULLET
_____
EXAMPLE
.....
BULLET
_____
EXAMPLE
.....
BULLET
_____

For £50 "Bulletin" dated Jan. 26, enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope

I enclose P.O. value .....

No.....

1,510 Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 7.

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

ENERGY FOR THESE DAYS

So much to plan—so much to do! To make sure that you keep fit and full of vitality, let Supavite Capsules give to your system the rich, new reserves of vitamins and minerals it probably requires after the years of strain.

Supavite contains vitamins A, B1, B2 (G), C, D and E with Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus . . . . ENERGY for these days!

Anglers SUPAVITE CAPSULES

Supplies are still limited. 5/- per box.

42

BULMER'S Cider is still restricted to certain areas. Soon zoning will end and Bulmer's will once again be greeting old friends and making new ones everywhere.

Bulmer's CIDER

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD.
rayds 751

NOTICE TO ALL CYCLISTS

Sturmey-Archer Gears Ltd. desire to inform Cyclists that a 3-Speed Hub, very similar in appearance to their own, is now being offered for sale.

They desire to point out that the original and genuine Sturmey-Archer Hub is recognised clearly and distinctly by this world famous Trade Mark

STURMEY ENGLAND ARCHER

stamped on the shell, and prospective purchasers should insist on seeing this mark.

As and from 1st Dec. 1945, all Sturmey-Archer Spare Parts leaving the factory will be stamped with the distinguishing letters "S.A."

Proceedings will be taken against any person attempting to pass off as Sturmey-Archer products any variable hub gear or spare parts not of Sturmey-Archer manufacture.

STURMEY-ARCHER GEARS LTD · NOTTINGHAM

Dependable as ever

One can always depend upon "Player's" for cool pleasure and calm enjoyment.

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

N.C.T.54H

DUNLOP backs Britain's recovery

The huge productive resources of the great Dunlop organisation will be a powerful factor in restoring trade and re-equipping Britain

5H/177

Winter days mean fewer, shorter walks for your dog. But in spite of restricted exercise "one Bob Martin's once a day" will help to keep him healthy Regular conditioning will rid his blood of impurities, help to promote the growth of a warm coat, and keep him a fit, contented companion. In packets, 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S Condition Powder Tablets **keep dogs fit**

write to JOHN BULL about it

Continued from page 3.

SPIDERS' WEBS—BY AIR

she earned before the accident.

The insurance company may prefer to offer a lump sum instead of weekly payments. If they do, don't let your daughter accept without getting expert advice on the matter.

Web of Fortune

"WHILE I WAS in the Army I heard of a hobby which was also said to be a paying proposition. I was told that one can keep spiders and sell spider-web threads to manufacturers of optical instruments. I have sought further information without success. Can you tell me anything about it?"

✓ The collecting and selling of spiders' webs could only be a paying proposition if it were carried out on a large scale. The webs must be of a certain thickness (or thinness!), and are usually best gathered in the early autumn.

There is a woman in America who makes a good income from this business. She even circularises firms in this country, and the webs are sent over here by air.

If you are really keen on the subject, you should approach makers of optical instruments in this country to find out what their requirements are.

Home in Eire

"I AM NOW receiving my old age pension, but I hope to retire next year and live in Eire, where I hold a house from the Sailors and Soldiers Land Trust for services rendered in the last war. My age is sixty-six and I have been employed by the Government since 1940.

"Will my old age pension be affected when I live in Eire?

"I volunteered as a fire-watcher in 1940. Am I entitled to any superannuation?"

✓ In reply to your first question, if you prove your title to an old age pension under the Contributory Pensions Act, it will be possible to arrange for you to receive the pension when you are living in Eire. I advise you to apply to the Ministry of National Insurance, Blackpool, Lancs, for full details regarding the payment of pensions.

Regarding your second question, I am afraid the answer is "No." On the facts you have given me you cannot claim the superannuation.

Cabbages or Houses?

"I HAVE RECEIVED a formal notice from the local council to say that the land on which I am growing vegetables will be required for building purposes. I had no previous warning that this was likely to happen, and the notice came as a shock.

"I have 500 spring cabbages, 4 lb. shallots, and an onion bed for next year. Can I claim compensation for the crops, manure, lime, fertilisers and labour?"

✓ A great many allotment holders are faced with the same problem.

The fact is, that local councils have powers to take possession of land for building purposes. You will be entitled to claim compensation for the loss of crops, and this will include your labour and the cost of manures.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT FOR 1946

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

including

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, BURGLARY, etc.

OVER £700,000 ALREADY PAID

"JOHN BULL" is proud to announce that its unparalleled Free Family Insurance Gift will continue to operate in 1946. All the Household Benefits remain in force as in 1945 and the provisional date of termination of the benefits will now be December 31, 1946.

Since the inception of the Scheme over £700,000 has already been paid in cash benefits to registered readers or their dependants—a striking testimony to the real practical value of this unique form of Home Security.

The **COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS** included in this great Charter of Security range up to £1,000 and cover registered readers' household and personal effects against loss by *FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, AIRCRAFT, GAS EXPLOSION, BURST HOT-WATER PIPES, BURGLARY,* etc.

Registered Readers automatically qualify for the full benefits of "John Bull's" 1946 Free Family Insurance which supersede all schemes previously in force. Readers need not re-register unless there has been a change of address or newsagent. Registration forms and full particulars can be obtained from "JOHN BULL'S" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I, Too, Owe You Much

STOMACH SUFFERER PRAISES MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

Dear Sirs, Cheltenham.

I have just read another sufferer's praise of your Stomach Powder, and I feel that I, too, owe you much. Your prescriptions of both Powder and Tablets are a veritable boon . . . !

I was resigned to a diet . . . . but I took your Powder regularly, and to-day I can eat anything which I fancy and feel fine.

My gratitude I extend to you.

(Signed) J. D.

Price 2/3 and 5/7½ (Inc. Tax).

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets are only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

THE MAN WHO FORGOT HIS NOSE

Have you heard of the man who could never forget his Nose? It bothered him day and night. It was stuffy, irritated and congested. He couldn't smell, couldn't even breathe through it. His whole life was spoiled by nasal Catarrh. Then one day—quite suddenly—he forgot his Nose entirely. How? He just used 'Mentholatum.' 'Mentholatum' is a wonderful breathable balm. Apply it to the nostrils and rub it on the throat and chest. Relief comes at once. 'Mentholatum' releases medicated, antiseptic vapours which circulate through the respiratory system, relieving mucus congestion, clearing the breathing passages and keeping them free from the distress of Catarrh and Colds. 'Mentholatum' Balm in Jars and Tins 1/5 (inc. tax). Also in Liquid Form 1/5.

I know

ANGIER'S IS EXCELLENT FOR ELDERLY PEOPLES' STUBBORN **COUGHS...**

"The weakening effect of winter on the aged and feeble can be countered with the aid of Angier's Emulsion. It is soothing and strengthening in cases of bronchitis, colds and coughs, and can be assimilated even by the most delicate. *I know!*"

ANGIER'S *Emulsion*

Will

gas pressure

be cut this winter?

Question: Let us know the facts—will gas pressure be reduced again this winter?

Answer: Yes, if we're not very careful. The gas works are doing their best to keep up supplies, but if the demand is too great the pressure will have to fall.

Q. Why should gas supplies be difficult now that the war is over?

A. There is still a shortage of the kind of coal needed to make gas, and of skilled men for the works. Remember, too, that in many places the gas works were damaged during the war. To build new plant takes time.

Q. I don't see how reducing the pressure solves the problem.

A. True; but gas works only reduce the pressure when the demands for gas are getting bigger than they can meet. The reduction is a warning that there is a difficulty in maintaining the supply.

Q. Well, what can we do to prevent the pressure from falling?

A. We can help by not lighting gas fires unnecessarily and not leaving any gas on longer than we need. If we have a kitchen range or combination grate alight, we can use it for cooking and so save gas. Every little helps to keep up the pressure; it helps others and it helps ourselves. Cooking takes twice as long, so we don't save gas.

Issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power

My Rheumatism has not returned says happy Mr. G.

Two months' freedom from pain induced this Sheffield man to send us a line of gratitude. He writes: "After suffering from Rheumatism for a long time . . . a friend of mine told me about Fynnon Salt and I decided to buy a tin and believe me before I had emptied one tin the pain was beginning to leave me, and then I bought another tin and before that was used I was free from all pain, AND IT HAS NOT RETURNED. That is after two months, but I shall always have Fynnon Salt in the house. I am taking a dose every three or four days." (*Signed*) W.G., Sheffield.

A friend told him about Fynnon Salt, he says

Fynnon Salt

for

RHEUMATISM

Lumbago, Neuritis, Sciatica or Gout

Large size 1/6 (*includes Purchase Tax*)

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Mx. (556)

ENGLISHMAN'S CLUB

"There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

It is more than 150 years since Doctor Johnson uttered those words, but they are as true to-day as they were when they were first spoken.

Never before has the "pub" stood higher in public affection and esteem. In the planning of our great new communities this fact must not be overlooked. The Englishman's home may be his castle; the "pub" is his club.

You haven't experienced the luxury of the perfect shave unless you've used a Laurel—made from Sheffield's finest steel by Sheffielders in the home of the cutting edge.

Made by George Lawrence Ltd. of Sheffield

LAUREL

THE GOOD-TEMPERED SHEFFIELD BLADE

CVS—21

Mr. G says:

FREE VALVES SERVICE INSTALLATION REPLACEMENTS

WHEN YOU RENT A

BRAIDIO

RENTERTAINMENTS (London) LTD. B.C.M./BRAIDIO, London, W.C.1

Phosferine set my nerves at rest

"I am working very hard, trying to run a home, keep a husband healthy and happy and look after my children. I have been at the schools serving the children's meals now for over 14 months, and it is rather wearing on the nerves, but I can truthfully say that the first tube of Phosferine tablets set my nerves at rest, and I have told the teachers what a wonderful tonic Phosferine is." (*Signed*) Mrs. J. M., Enfield.

It is a story which constantly repeats itself. The invigorating properties of Phosferine bring such real comfort and relief to nerve sufferers that each gratified user feels bound to pass on the good news.

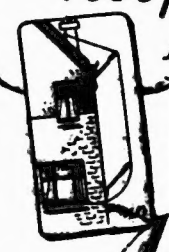
1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)

(*Including Purchase Tax*)

2 *Tablets equal* 10 *drops*

PHOSFERINE

Make sure of the best reception of the better Radio Programmes



Put new life into your Radio and make sure of the maximum enjoyment from the better programmes by installing a really good aerial. Made from pure copper, AERIALITE AERIAL WIRE cannot be beaten. There is no substitute for the famous AERIALITE AERIAL WIRE—acknowledged the best for years.

Supplies are not plentiful, but they are well worth looking for—most Dealers have small stocks.

Prices: 100 ft. 4/-; 75 ft. 3/-; 50 ft. 2/-.

A.A.1

Aerialite Aerials

FOR RADIO AND TELEVISION

Made by: AERIALITE LTD., STALYBRIDGE, CHESHIRE

School!—ever wish you were back again, Kay?

"In some ways, yes, but I've had some more interesting lessons lately. Mary, my old school chum, is a marvel. She's shown me how to make my old crock like a brand new machine."

"Sounds interesting, Kay, spill the beans."

"Just careful examination for worn parts and replacing them with Phillips Precision-made Cycle Fitments."

Follow Kay's advice. Ask your nearest dealer for GENUINE "Phillips" and experience new delights in the improved running of your cycle.

PHILLIPS CYCLE FITMENTS

Nip Colds in the Bud

The National drive to stop coughs and colds has brought one old and trusted recipe into greater favour than ever. It is the "Parmint" recipe, known as probably the quickest of all ways to get rid of a cold or cough.

Once you had to make it up yourself. Now chemists everywhere keep Parmint Syrup made up, bottled and ready for use.

It is really astonishing how effective this syrup is. Take it in good time and a single dose will often stop the cold before it develops. It's particularly good for children. It soothes and eases little throats and chests and gets them well in no time. Besides, they actually like its flavour.

Be wise. Get a bottle of Parmint Syrup from your chemist to-day and keep it handy. 1/5 the bottle, Family size 2/10, including Tax.

NOTE.—If through shortage of bottles your chemist is out of Parmint Syrup, get a 3/1½ bottle of Parmint Concentrated Essences and make up a big supply yourself.

Milestones and Millstones..

Just as pain is a 'millstone round the neck' of the sufferer so 'ANADIN' marks—but in a happier sense—a 'milestone' of progress in the constant research for a *safe and effective* pain-reliever. The problem of meeting the demand for 'ANADIN' is our particular 'millstone'! We are doing our utmost to increase supplies.

1/5 & 2/10-(*Incl. Tax*)

ANADIN TABLETS

FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

FOR **GOOD**

SOUP

Marmite, the yeast-food extract, is the making of all soups, stews, meat and vegetable dishes. It adds delicious flavour and makes the most of war-time rations and recipes. Marmite makes delicious gravy, too.

Insist on

MARMITE

and you'll get it

In Jars: 1 oz. 6d., 2 oz. 10d., 4 oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/6, 16 oz. 4/6, *from all Grocers and Chemists.*

Growing up on

BOURNVILLE COCOA

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It's Cadburys

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